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*We beg leave to state that we decline to return or to enter into correspondence as to rejected communications; and to this rule we can make no exception. Manuscripts not acknowledged within four weeks are rejected.*

### NOTES OF THE WEEK.

Personally Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman has always been a favourite: perhaps few politicians have been so generally and consistently liked by men of all parties: political differences make no ravages in Sir Henry's friendships. How real, and how general, then, will be sympathy with him in his great sorrow! The whole nation feels it. Lady Campbell-Bannerman was a helpmeet indeed. Here was a true marriage. The Prime Minister is now the third prominent public man to suffer this terrible loss. Lady Grey, Lady Curzon, and Lady Campbell-Bannerman have died within a few months of one another.

Two revolutionary outrages of exceptional prominence have taken place in Russia since last week, and apparently on the same day. On Sunday while M. Stolypin, the Premier, was holding a reception at his house on Apothecary Island, a bomb, brought by four men who drove up together to the house, was dropped in the ante-chamber and exploded. Over twenty persons were killed and as many more were injured. M. Stolypin himself escaped, but his son and daughter were both wounded, the daughter terribly. It is uncertain if she will live, and in any case she must be a cripple for life. Amongst others who were killed was the Premier's secretary. On the same day General Min was murdered at the Peterhof railway station. He was shot in the back by a young woman in the presence of his family.

These are the sort of crimes for which the Douma was demanding amnesty: special tenderness being due, no doubt, to their peculiarly chivalrous character. The men engaged in the Stolypin plot were revolutionaries, of course, probably acting under the direction of the Social Democratic organisation. Three of them were

killed in the explosion, and the fourth has been arrested. The wretched girl, the murderess of General Min, was no doubt largely impelled by desire for notoriety. It is a serious feature of these crimes that their notoriety provokes imitators. These two outrages naturally attract exceptional attention, but they do not especially affect the political situation. They are no new symptom: revolutionaries never have shrunk from foul murders of this kind. It must be shown that the Government cannot be cowed by crime.

The English press, most part of it, was, as always when these crimes occur in Russia, in great difficulties. Having adopted a line of argument which necessarily carries with it the condonation of such crimes, the papers find it difficult to maintain an air of consistency and yet to put on the appearance of indignation which their readers' moral sense demands. The "Times" is especially gingerly in its tone. Excuses for this sort of crime are hinted and withdrawn almost in the same sentence. The pretence of surprise that M. Stolypin should have been attacked, seeing that he had never done anything "savage", is almost amusing. As if everyone did not know that the character or administrative record of the victim has no relation to his selection for attack. But it is not convenient for some of our papers to admit this truth.

The latest accounts of the Chilean earthquakes are surprising in their optimism. It was a report of the Governor of Valparaiso which first threw doubts on the extent of the calamity and induced the belief that it had been greatly exaggerated. And now comes a statement by the President of Chile himself which puts the extreme number of persons injured at seven hundred. Valparaiso and Santiago no longer figure as the places that have suffered most, but Limache and Llaillai. His description of the re-establishment of the public services, the water, the electric light and electric trams reads more like the celerity of a transformation scene than a restoration in actual life. If this is official optimism there may be a good purpose to serve; but it is certainly staggering when we turn up the record of devastation and loss of life which all the newspapers were agreed in giving at the end of last week.

The Cuban insurrection is not over, though it does not seem to have spread very alarmingly. One of the insurgent leaders has been killed, but Guerra still holds his own and says he is going to fight President Palma à outrance. He is said to have two thousand troops under him, but is in difficulties from want of money. But it is difficult, in fact impossible, to know what is the real state of things in the island. Information is scarce and necessarily very doubtful in character. One feature this rising has in common with that which resulted in the forcible intervention of the United States: it is kept going by assistance from America. Supplies are being sent to the insurgents from the continent daily; at any rate all sources of information agree to that effect. President Roosevelt apparently cares for none of these things. He is too much occupied with spelling.

Mr. Bryan returned to his native land on Thursday to the approved democratic accompaniment, blowing of steam whistles, fanfares, excursions and alarms of all sorts. On the whole we do not think the speeches he made on this side have added to his reputation here, certainly not from the intellectual point of view: there was too much froth and wind about them. Still he is well above the average of Presidential candidates. We are not much impressed by his talk in Madison Square about arbitration and doing away with war and so forth. He is much more interesting at home. His collectivist railway policy is important, and also his view of Trusts; but we do not think he would make any drastic tariff changes. We shall expect to hear a good deal more of his labour programme later.

Quite the best thing, by the way, that has been said of Mr. Roosevelt's spelling policy is the remark of the American "Evening Mail" that it may serve one good purpose, to reduce a little the length of the President's annual messages. Mr. Roosevelt does not seem to have received much encouragement in his literary enterprise either from the New or the Old World. But he is one of the strong men: he must live up to his reputation. He will stiffen his back all the more for everybody's obstinacy. Roosevelt against the world: just the thing to please him. One can understand his thinking that a "combine" of United States President and famous millionaire must be irresistible; they would reform a language as easily as they would make a revolution or turn a porker into canned meat.

There is a hitch in the tariff negotiations between Australia and New Zealand. During his visit to Melbourne Mr. Seddon negotiated with Mr. Deakin a preferential tariff arrangement between New Zealand and Australia. It was one of many efforts now being made by the self-governing colonies to enter into closer fiscal relations. If this country does not care to participate, the Colonies see no reason why they should not have tariff reform among themselves. The significance of this perfectly natural development has not been lost on the free-importers in England, and they are catching at any straw which tends to minimise it. The difficulty on a question of procedure in the New Zealand Parliament has encouraged the hope that Mr. Seddon's successor will not be strong enough to carry through the Australian arrangement. If New Zealand were less keenly in favour of preferential tariffs than she is known to be, she might yet be trusted not to pay the memory of "Dick Seddon" the bad compliment of rejecting a scheme to which he put his signature a few hours before his death.

A railway rate war in South Africa naturally attracts little attention in England. It is regarded as a merely local affair. As a fact it may easily carry with it great Imperial consequences. Natal enjoys railway facilities for reaching the Transvaal and Orange River Colony which long ago suggested the possibility that some day the Cape would be badly worsted in competition with Durban as the trade port of South Africa. The fight has increased in bitterness lately, and there is a proposal on foot that Natal and the Transvaal should

unite. As the Transvaal is not less conscious than Natal of the superiority of a route which halves the distance to the sea, the idea has been favourably received, particularly as Cape Colony's fiscal tariff so seriously handicaps the neighbouring colonies. A union of Natal and Transvaal would ease the question of Boer supremacy, and pave the way to South African federation. It may be that Dr. Jameson's sudden and secret mission to England is not unconnected with the turn which this railway war has taken.

The future of the Smyrna-Aidin Railway still remains an unsolved problem, and whether it be political considerations that stand in the way, or hopes of obtaining bribes, the very reasonable demands of the company have met as yet with only partial acquiescence. The questions in dispute have now been under discussion for five years, but it may be noted that during that time the line has become an extremely prosperous one paying a good dividend. The line too is one of those that have no kilometric guarantee from the Turkish Government and has even come to its help with opportune loans. It would seem as if there were some truth in the suggestion that the German lines in the neighbourhood were unduly favoured at the expense of the Smyrna-Aidin Railway. The refusal to allow an extension to Lake Egerdir and of free navigation on the lake itself is too absurd for argument, but it only serves to emphasise the lesson Europe must have learned by this time that everything in Turkey that would advance or benefit the population is sure to meet with purblind opposition on the side of the Court. To grant this concession would mean pure gain to all concerned, therefore it is refused. The British Embassy does its best but lacks perhaps the driving force possessed by the German in matters commercial.

The discussion in the "Times" on the exact meaning of the Caliphate is perhaps not so purely academic as it may seem at first sight. If the Sultan of Turkey were really possessed of the power some think involved in the title, he would be a much more dangerous person than he actually is, but the position of the Caliph is in reality rather shadowy so far as the remoter regions of Mohammedanism are concerned. Then it must be remembered, though it is more often forgotten, that the Shiite Mohammedans look upon the religion of the Sultan with more dislike than the Calvinist feels for the Pope. Historically considered the divisions of Islam have had almost as much effect upon the march of events as those of Christendom. The success of the earlier Churches would have been impossible without them, and they may yet tell heavily in the story of the East.

If anyone deserves a good reception in Spain, it is M. Delcassé and we are glad to see that he received one on Monday last. Not only was he responsible for associating France and Spain closely on general political lines, but he is particularly the author of the Franco-Spanish Convention of 1904 by which a trans-Pyrenean railway system is to be. In reply to the toast of his health he made a tactful and adroit speech into which he managed to introduce a reference to this country as the friend both of France and Spain. No living statesman, in spite of his fall, has more reason to congratulate himself than M. Delcassé, and we may be excused for doubting whether he be altogether a spent force. That we should be able to ask the question at all is significant when a politician of the Republican régime is under discussion. M. Delcassé is indeed in some degree still a power in European politics. When the trans-Pyrenean railways are finished, closer intercourse between the two countries will be inevitable and this will have political as well as economic consequences for both.

There is no new development ecclesiastically in France. An Episcopal Assembly is to be held on Tuesday to consider the situation in view of the Encyclical. There is no prospect of any of the bishops refusing to obey the Pope's direction as to the associations provided for by the Separation Act. There will be no schism. But apart from the associations there are certain steps



which can be taken compatible with obedience to Republican law and with loyalty to the Church. And there is always the possibility of the Government modifying the provision as to the associations so as to make it possible for honest Catholics to accept it. At any rate, the French bishops are determined that the religious services shall not be suspended. They are facing the new position in quite a crusading spirit. They recognise that it is a struggle between Christianity and militant secularism. There has been a great deal of fuss in some of the papers about the supposed views of the bishops at their previous meeting. The so-called "exposé" is obviously untrustworthy, and in any case it is no matter now what the bishops said or did then. The point is, what will they do next Tuesday?

With us in England politics have nearly lapsed for the time. But it will be interesting to see whether Mr. Walter Long's speech before the Irish Unionist Alliance will draw from the Cabinet any explanation of the exact nature of "the fountain and the source from which", according to Sir Antony MacDonnell, "the whole of the hopes" of the best (which, being interpreted, means Nationalist) Irishmen "will be fulfilled". Mr. Bryce's modesty and self-effacement are virtuous—perhaps he understands the difficulties of his present post better than he did—but it is a flagrant error to put up a permanent official to fly kites, and Mr. Long had the unpleasant duty, which he performed remarkably well, of dealing with a pronouncement from his former subordinate in default of any open declaration of policy from the Government. We have never doubted the Home-Rule character of the Campbell-Bannerman Ministry, but they will have a good deal to explain away if, next Session, they introduce a measure logically leading up to Irish autonomy, and yet they will suffer tribulation if they do not. "Devolution" has not gained ground amongst Irishmen, but it may be quite possible for Mr. Bryce to obtain the concurrence of the Roman Catholic Hierarchy in a modified scheme of self-government, and, if he succeeds in this, the Nationalist party will certainly accept any instalment.

Mr. Dillon has made a comparison with the new Transvaal Constitution somewhat difficult for Liberals to meet. Whether Irish Nationalists desire complete separation or not (and certainly some do not), the fact must be faced that there is no popular enthusiasm for Home Rule as such. Expressions of cordial acceptance of self-government within the Empire are addressed only to English or colonial audiences; it is the idea of nationality that makes such a compromise as "Home Rule" in the Gladstonian sense popular in Ireland. And presumably Mr. Bryce's measure must be a compromise on a compromise. Any Irish Financial Council must impair the existing powers of Parliament without satisfying Nationalist aspirations. The County Councils do not at present afford any foundation for a central body. They are not filled by practical men—though in time they may be—and the representatives whom they would send to Dublin would certainly not be competent financiers. In fact neither direct nor indirect election could secure a businesslike Financial Council with limited powers. Nor can Indian analogies be applied.

What a curious delusion it is that the Master of Elibank has confessed to being under for so long. In his speech to a Liberal meeting at West Linton he told his auditors that he had supported Mr. Smillie because at that date he did not appreciate or realise the real cleavage between Socialism and Liberalism—namely collectivism and individualism. This is a remarkable self-accusation of want of political perspicacity such as public men are not wont to make. If the Master of Elibank will think again, however, he will find there is another explanation not so damaging to his reputation for political acumen. It was not that there was ever any doubt about Liberalism and Socialism being incompatible, but simply that the incongruous allies were willing in misfortune to join their forces to win the last elections. Having accomplished their object they quarrel about the disposition of the spoils; as other incongruous allies have often done before them.

Now the Master of Elibank professes it is the Socialist selfishness at Cockermonth which has opened his eyes. But a man has no right to complain when for one of his purposes he has shut his eyes to facts and then finds that the facts he ignored crop up again and interfere with his plans in some other direction. And so because the Liberals have failed in bribing Socialists to attenuate themselves into milk-and-water Liberals, the Master of Elibank is preaching a crusade against them. And yet Mr. Keir Hardie and Mr. Smillie and the rest would have been eloquent in vain if they had not made it perfectly clear that they would take the bribe without really being bribed. The Master has a theory quite characteristic of a Liberal irritated with Socialists. This is that Conservative extravagance has produced the Socialist terror. But the Socialist won't accept this account of his origin; he denounces both Liberal and Conservative on this point with equal fervour; and this makes Master Murray angry. The relations of Socialism with Conservatism are more honourable than his account of them. Conservatism has approached collectivism in useful legislation which has been denounced by Liberals.

Mr. Haldane has come to the wise conclusion, from his experience at Brighton it may be supposed, that a civilian War Secretary in billycock hat and black coat, and possibly an umbrella, is not in the picture at military manœuvres; at least not artistically. Mr. Brodrick incurred some mild ridicule for appearing in uniform; but after all if a civilian must be amongst soldiers at work, a uniform best hides the fact that he is de trop. Mr. Haldane, the philosopher that he is, does not wish to sink his personal identity in a uniform, and so he has obtained permission from the German Emperor to decline the invitation to be present at the army manœuvres in Silesia. But the truth is concealed with true diplomatic evasion. He wishes, we are told, to gain instruction by visiting military institutions in Berlin and the neighbourhood: a great relief to all the parties concerned.

The Worcester Election Inquiry, which has furnished so much matter for laughter to the foolish and for grief to the judicious, was adjourned on Wednesday until 16 October. It had then been at work more than a fortnight. There has been so much discussion as to the propriety of judges trying election petitions that the question is suggested, why should not a Commission of distinguished lawyers such as that holding the Worcester Inquiry be appointed to inquire into and report upon election petitions as the judges do at present? The constitution of this Commission shows there would be no difficulty in getting an impartial tribunal of lawyers quite as competent as judges actually on the Bench. In the state of the business of the Courts the spectacle of two judges occupied for days in raking up the rubbish of local politics has been a scandal. When complaints are so constantly being made of a paucity of judges for ordinary judicial work, it is absurd that they should be so often appointed to sit on Commissions and employed on duties really extra-judicial.

We hardly think it likely that the Home Secretary will respond to the appeal that has been made to him by the Humanitarian League to repeal the Debtors Act 1869. But there are certainly County Court judges of much experience who think it would be better, both for the working classes and tradesmen, if civil debts ceased to be collected by what is practically the operation of the criminal law. There are annually eleven or twelve thousand persons kept in prison for civil debts, and the ratepayer or taxpayer has to bear the expense of their maintenance. The law is very unequal; some judges administer it strictly, if not harshly, and others have what may be almost described as a conscientious objection to it. A good case can be made out against the system; and it is an anomaly that, although imprisonment for debt has been technically abolished, there should always be more debtors in prison, though for shorter periods, than there used to be under the old law. Moreover Scotland can carry on its trade without these judgment summonses; and it is a fair inference that England might do the same.

Whatever views may be held as to this form of imprisonment, there can be no hesitation as to another upon which the Home Secretary has prepared a circular to magistrates. Every year, as appears by the judicial statistics, there are a considerable number of prisoners awaiting trial for ten, twelve, and even sixteen weeks, and then on trial they are acquitted. There are two reasons for this. One of them is that magistrates in the country unreasonably decline to allow bail in many cases. Judges have frequently commented on this very severely, and the Home Secretary's circular follows the same line. The other reason is the long interval between Quarter Sessions and the assizes in the country. In London, with its more regular sessions and the Central Criminal Court, the abuse does not exist. It is well understood amongst lawyers that the cause lies in the circuit system; and that reform must come by dividing the country into areas of legal administration corresponding with the London judicial areas.

The Dean of Ely's appointment to the see of Truro is, of course, political. The Government are not forgetful of Dr. Stubbs' vote in the Representative Church Council, when with only two others he declined to support Lord Hugh Cecil's motion condemning the Education Bill. The Bishop of Hereford and the Bishop of Carlisle will be glad of this recruit. Dr. Stubbs' purely theological position will not be antipathetic to Cornish Churchmen: yet he is a High Churchman with a considerable difference. Like most of the Christian Social Union coterie, he is at least as political as he is theological, perhaps rather more so. It is, of course, a good thing that a bishop should be an enthusiast in social reform, and for ourselves we have no objection to Dr. Stubbs' views on labour and industrial matters. Unfortunately there has always been more froth than fact about the C.S.U. and some rather silly little publications of Dr. Stubbs' do not mark him as an exception. Cornwall might have fared worse, but it might have fared a great deal better.

It was a happy, and also a generous, idea of Lord Curzon to give the public a chance, and an especially good chance to the poorer public, to see his collection of Asiatic curios and objets d'art. Many of them are very precious, and these things can never be put on public view without a certain risk. East Enders are unfortunately rather incurious—the effect partly of a monotonous round of hard labour—but a good number of them are sure to turn into the Bethnal Green Museum to see these things from India and Tibet. And there is a good deal that would attract the working people, the ivories from Murshidabad, for instance, groups representing common native life; and the tea-pots, beer-jugs and water-pitchers from Tibet. It would be a good idea for the Oxford House to get one or two experts, able to talk interestingly, to explain some of the things to the people. Of course, the collection will attract the educated world even more: we assume that everyone of any culture will make a point of seeing it. It will then serve an added purpose of introducing many West Enders to Bethnal Green.

The death of Lord Lovelace cannot be a matter of indifference to any Englishman, indeed to anyone who speaks the "land's language". The grandson of Byron is in a sense an English possession, which the country has now lost by death. There is happily still a granddaughter, an Ada too, but with the next generation we get farther away from Byron, who seems to recede a step back into the past. One cannot help thinking of the touching story told by Mr. Roden Noel, now dead too, of Ada; how that when she was staying at Newstead one read to her the lines, "Though the grave closed between us . . . Still thou wouldst love me": and Ada asked who wrote the lines: and for answer was pointed to the Phillips portrait of Lord Byron. Then she took the book and shut herself up in her father's apartments in the Abbey—those modest barely furnished rooms, that look out on the finest prospect the house commands. This was her introduction to her father.

#### RED RUIN OR RECONSTRUCTION?

THE peculiar horror of the attempted murder of the Russian Prime Minister will, may we hope, introduce a saner note into much English opinion upon Russian affairs, which hitherto has condoned rather than condemned the policy of removing the civil and military servants of the Tsar by assassination. The maxim of the assassins themselves that killing is no murder has not been formally approved, but in numberless leading articles it has been easy to perceive the *arrière pensée* that such killing is only murder in the almost infinitesimal degree. After the affair of Apothecary Island the average Englishman will now perhaps regard the indiscriminate murder of Russian women and children from the same human point of view as he regarded the murders committed by similar criminals at the marriage of the King and Queen of Spain. M. Stolypin is not, even to most of our newspapers, the type incarnate of evil and devilry which ignorant imagination has made of most Russian officials civil and military. He is not posed in picturesque villainy, but is simply a politician or statesman of a not unfamiliar kind who, as yet, to all appearance, has been more a negative than a positive figure. Not being a General, or a Governor, and even hardly one of those mysterious personages shrouded in darkness generically described as bureaucrats, he has appeared simply as a human being; and the attempted or actual murder of himself, his wife, his children and friends, appears to be, what it really is, a violation of the laws of God and man. It cannot be attributed even to the "wild justice of revenge". It is simply the method of murdering all officials, whoever they may happen to be, with their families and friends, who have other political views and opinions as to what is desirable and possible for their country than those in the programme of the murderers themselves. When this is understood, much of the unreasoning prejudice and odium against Russian officials will disappear. In the common ignorance of Russian character and conditions that prevails, the ordinary Englishman thinks he has got a solution of the problem in the supposed fact that the Russian officials are what he generally describes as rotten to the core. Hitherto the murder of officials has seemed to be a confirmation of his opinion. But if the Douma were summoned next week, and a ministry formed from its own members, the revolutionary bomb throwers would be amongst them and would guide their deliberations and acts into the path of the revolution.

Their method is to be universally applied. With this terror overhanging Russian statesmen and executive officers, it is not possible to admire too much the courage and devotion to duty which has animated them so far, and which will be required of them so long as the revolutionary propaganda continues, whatever their political programme may be. A man may coolly face danger in war, or even not be unnerved by fear of plots to murder him, so long as he alone is the object. But infinitely greater physical and moral courage is required when wife and children and all on whom his affections rest are involved in his own risk. No pecuniary or political rewards could be any satisfaction for a man placed in such a position. Let anyone ask himself whether, for what M. Stolypin may hope to obtain of honour or of profit, he would expose himself and his family to M. Stolypin's dangers and sorrows, and he will have some measure of the courage and the sense of duty and devotion which are required of a Russian official.

It is almost impossible, while the terrorism continues, that any Russian statesman can attempt to solve any of the Russian political problems simply and directly as he might see them in his own mind and with a single eye to the real needs of the country. There is no policy which is more fatal in a disturbed country than accepting outrage as the reason for adopting the views of the malcontents—the policy of listening to the tolling bell as Mr. Gladstone termed the fenian outrages at the prison at Clerkenwell. To submit to threats is to abandon any pretence of statesmanship. If, as is often said, force is no remedy where a government is concerned, to yield to force applied by a section of its



subjects to coerce a government into adopting its views is the abdication of all government. Everyone can see the absurdity of supposing that Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should propose a woman's franchise bill because the suffragettes had mobbed Mr. Asquith and picketed his house. It is only because the matter is more serious that we do not see equally clearly the absurdity in the same way that a Russian ministry should be driven into courses it does not approve for fear of a party whose answer to all argument is a bomb. The peculiar difficulty of the task of Russian statesmen is to avoid any appearance that fear dictates any of their measures. They are in presence of an implacable and insatiable foe with whom any sign of weakness would be magnified into a yielding to their programme. And yet it is possible that but for this danger of appearing to succumb to threats and outrage the minister might be prepared of his own initiative to adopt a given measure. This is the dilemma of M. Stolypin and of all who may hold his position. It is easier to see how the revolutionary terrorism succeeds in setting up this dilemma than to imagine any merely human statesmanship managing to avoid it. The revolutionary parties did not exercise their terrorism over the late Douma for the simple reason that it was carrying on the revolutionary policy. This happy condition for the Douma will cease whenever, as appears likely, a new Douma meets whose members are alarmed at the dissolution of society which the outrage campaign of the revolutionaries is effecting. Then its turn will come, and English opinion will understand more clearly than it has yet done how the necessity for showing that the Government is not to be overawed by fear of the revolutionaries has hindered reforms which would otherwise have been made. The case of the peasants is one particularly in point. The Russian peasant is peaceable and law-abiding, but excitable. With the Douma dominated by the revolutionaries, and the revolutionaries using agrarian grievances to excite the peasants to revolt, every step in land reform has been impeded by the necessity of showing that the Government were acting on their own view of the land question and were not submitting to the attempted revolution.

The attempt on the peasants has failed. The agrarian question has always been declared by those who are acquainted with Russia to be the crux of the struggle between the Government and the revolution. There is no general revolutionary movement in Russia to-day because the Government have resisted successfully the revolutionary agrarian demands. They have refused this leverage to the revolution and it has collapsed. This must surely be accounted success, notwithstanding the disorder still existing; and the outrages are such as no European country whatever its condition or government has been able to prevent; they have taken place in almost all. Can anyone of normal mind believe that if events had turned out otherwise, he could have congratulated Russia on the revolutionary régime? Would Russia under the sway of M. Stolypin's murderous assailants be preferable for the residence of natives or foreigners to Russia with M. Stolypin as the Tsar's minister? We do not undertake to approve this or condemn that particular item in the Russian Government programme of intended reforms; nor to prophesy as to the course of events in the struggle which still lies before the Government and the parties of revolution. But a very definite programme of land reform, of education and other alterations of the laws has been laid down by the Government. To adhere rigidly to this programme, and not to swerve one inch from it appears absolutely necessary in the conditions of Russian government. Whatever may be its merits or demerits, as to which those who in England talk most glibly are apt to know least, it has some very considerable merits. It has not been formulated at the dictation of the revolutionaries; it would not have their approval; and there would therefore be no possibility of representing that they had extorted it through fear. We do not profess to gauge exactly what effects on political and social life it would have. Probably it would be the beginning of a rough sort of *modus vivendi*, and a basis for orderly reform as time went on. For some years there might still be repetition of these outrages. But we do not

believe in a Russian revolution deliberately planned and presented to the world, as one may say, *en grande tenue*.

#### THE FUTURE OF THE NETHERLANDS.

THE question of the future of the Netherlands has been revived of late in various forms. A discussion of the subject may well appear nebulous at the present moment, but in truth it underlies all the possible developments in European policy; for after all the future of great states is determined by the destiny of small ones and none is so important as Belgium and Holland when considered with reference to their neighbours. It is probable that the statesmen who negotiated the Treaty of Vienna thought that they were engineering a combination which would be able to maintain itself in safety when they arranged that the Low Countries should pass under the Dutch sceptre. Certainly they were not likely to ignore the importance of those two countries in their bearing upon Europe. Shortly before the French Revolution broke out, a Triple Alliance of England, Prussia, and Holland had checked the ambitions both of France and Spain and it is probably true that even in 1793 peace would not have been broken between England and France, had not the Revolutionary Government violated the provisions of treaties which insured the neutrality of the Schelt. In fact during two centuries earlier the control of Holland had been the chief bone of contention between ourselves and France. It is still of vital importance to both, but a new Great Power has recently appeared upon the scene, whose interest in the question is no less deep than that of the two old-time rivals.

It is quite true that no serious proposal is to the fore for the absorption of Belgium by any other country, but it is sufficient to look at the map to see that the future of Belgium is inseparable from that of Holland. Whoever holds Holland holds Belgium. The owner of Holland will also possess the islands at the mouth of the Schelt which command the entrance to Antwerp. This means even more than the control of that port, for it includes the command of the trade of North-Eastern France which passes seaward almost entirely through Antwerp.

It is quite unnecessary to demonstrate again how serious a matter for England would be the acquisition of Holland by any Great Power, and it is clear that France would be hardly less affected if Holland were to be incorporated into the German Empire. To Germans on the other hand the matter appeals almost as directly, though the present political condition of Holland in no way threatens Germany in a military sense, as its acquisition by her would threaten France and ourselves.

The complaint of Germans rests on a very different basis. They are not unnaturally annoyed to see the vast bulk of their external trade passing in and out of two ports neither of which is German, and in the result enriching two small nations for whom they have little sympathy and much contempt. The construction of the Ems-Dortmund Canal is the practical expression of those views on the part of the German Government. Hitherto the attempt to divert traffic thither from the Rhine has been a failure. We have yet to see whether the construction of a great harbour at Emden will serve their purpose any better. We greatly doubt whether the diversion of trade from its natural outlets even by a severe cutting of freights will succeed in the end, but there can be no doubt that if it does meet with any success a very serious economic situation may arise in Holland which depends far more upon her ports than any other country. She has no great manufactures and any very serious diminution in her through trade would bring ruin to a large part of her population. This attempt to capture German trade for Germany is partly pure patriotism and partly perhaps a way of coercing Holland. There are Dutchmen at the present moment who would gladly see themselves subjects of a great empire rather than of a small and inconsiderable state, and their numbers would be largely increased if economic ruin were the only alternative.

We are in fact too ready to judge of modern Holland by her past. To-day she is largely a nation of ease-loving, well-to-do bourgeois and an ill-conditioned grudging peasantry. The upper classes draw large incomes from colonies which they do not govern with any special felicity. In the event of a failure of heirs to the House of Orange, one great incentive to patriotism would vanish. There a very nice problem arises. In the case of a voluntary incorporation of Holland with the German Empire, would any other nation claim the right to interfere? The possibility of a seizure of Holland by force may be eliminated. Such a step would not only excuse but oblige outside interference. But could France and England intervene to prevent Dutchmen doing the best for themselves or what the majority thought the best? Perhaps the question is somewhat otiose, for in such situations countries have to take action on other than ethical considerations, and the menace to both France and ourselves would be so serious that, if not involved in other complications, it is hardly possible we could avoid war.

But another possible solution is suggested by recent utterances of persons in some position of responsibility. It is that it may be necessary for their mutual protection that Belgium and Holland should reunite and face the future together. Whether or no this proposal emanates from the ingenious mind of King Leopold we cannot say. It may be that he foresees for his line a more magnificent future than can be anticipated for it even from the overlordship of the Congo; but no such union could be established save by the creation of guarantees so strict that no repetition of the events preceding the last separation could be possible. Then Holland looked upon and treated Belgium much as she has always treated Java, as a milch cow. The Belgians indeed with all their faults are, what the Dutch are not, a most laborious manufacturing and industrial race. The possession of Antwerp is indeed an enormous national asset, but it by no means sums up practically the whole of the national resources as does the possession of Rotterdam and Amsterdam for the Dutch. For a great Power to absorb Holland with Belgium would involve even more European jealousy than the acquisition of Holland alone. Belgium too is directly protected by European Treaties and we ourselves are bound to protect her against aggression, even apart from the demands of our own interests. M. Yves Guyot in an article in the current number of the "Nineteenth Century" calls attention to the strange conduct of Belgium in making herself particularly offensive to this country during the Boer war. This criticism is deserved, but such a consideration would hardly weigh with us if the observance of Treaties, or the defence of vital interests had to be studied. Holland no doubt had more reason than Belgium for her sympathy with the Boers, she had the excuse of blood ties. The curish spite of many Belgians had really no excuse, for the defence of their country against aggression has been for the last seventy years a cardinal point of our foreign policy.

It must be remembered that, as M. Guyot points out, the Belgian official classes have been strangely Germanised of late years and at least one Belgian railway, along with all the Dutch lines, forms a part of the "Union d'administrations de chemins de fer allemands". But after all this is more a matter of convenience than the result of affection for Germany. It is a far cry hence to political amalgamation but it is also no less true that the commercial classes in Holland have become Germanised.

In fact if the question of absorption ever becomes an imminent problem for solution, the decision of this country to oppose or acquiesce would be all-important. France could do nothing alone and it affects other Powers only indirectly. That Belgium and Holland should form a union for mutual protection and defence is an interesting proposal but hardly disposes of the matter, even if such a solution were ever to be effected. In fact it could hardly be a solution at all. As we have pointed out, the Great Power possessing Holland would also command Antwerp, and the assistance Belgium might lend Holland in an armed conflict would hardly be worth the consideration of a great military nation. The problem therefore really remains the problem of

Holland and its solution may become the vital question of the hour in several contingencies, all easy to imagine and some of them necessarily remote.

#### "THE IRISH PROBLEM."

THE Dublin Horse Show of this year is the most successful on record. In some Western districts the potato crop is very seriously affected. Sir Antony MacDonnell has delivered a cryptic speech. What will the English visitor think of it all? We can guess without much difficulty what the English Liberal members who, with their sisters and their cousins and their aunts (we prefer this description to the "lady friends" of a Dublin paper), have set out to master the Irish land-question in ten days, will make of it. Mr. Bernard Shaw's play reveals that once for all. These earnest inquirers are being shown round specially selected districts under Nationalist guidance, and they are sure to believe for the rest of their lives that their erroneous conclusions about a region which presents quite exceptional conditions are profoundly true of the whole of Ireland. They will not be taken to County Limerick to see some of the best land in the United Kingdom suffering from the laziest farmers. And yet their guides might take them with safety: they would find only evidence of English misgovernment and landlord oppression in unweeded fields rented so low that the tenant-right will sell for twenty years' purchase of the rent. They are fairly certain to come back with the most amazing notions about the Royal Irish Constabulary, whose marked qualities of discipline, loyalty, and esprit de corps are peculiarly repugnant to sentimental Liberals. But after they have performed their pilgrimage, and further cemented the union of hearts, their hosts, if we are not greatly mistaken, will say with a sigh of relief, as Mr. Shaw's parish priest said of the inimitable Broadbent, "God help them! Sure, they haven't much sense."

Unconscious of that sigh, our newly-instructed missionaries of disintegration will soon be telling us all about "the Irish problem"! The very phrase is an offence. Is there no English problem? Are the country villages of England abodes of plenty? Is the land of England an example of agricultural prosperity? Is all well with education? Are our manufacturing towns model cities? A man who talks about "the Irish problem" is either using the phrase for a purpose, or is revealing his incapacity to think—"hiding", as the parodist of Carlyle wrote, "a deep no-meaning in the great fiery heart of him". "The Irish problem" implies that there is some single thing wrong, which may or may not be capable of improvement. Thus one speaks correctly of "the negro problem" in the United States, because that is one distinct subject. But—except in connexion with the Monroe Doctrine or the decadence of London society—no one could speak of "the American problem".

But the phrase is very useful to Irish Nationalists. Can they once persuade the predominant partner that the constitutional relations between the two islands form the all-important difficulty, half their task is over. Englishmen pass an Act and Irishmen will do the rest. One of their spokesmen said the other day that Irishmen understood the Irish question thoroughly, and that all would be well if they were left to handle it. Now many Irishmen understand some Irish questions, while few Englishmen understand any. But the Nationalist Parliamentary party in its official capacity has attended to hardly anything except the relations of landlord and tenant, and the machinery of constitutional government. Of the practical difficulties which would beset an independent nation of peasant-proprietors they have taken no count. The average Irish M.P. would be very unhappy if he were cross-examined about Poor-law administration, temperance reform, the causes—and possible checks—of the increase of lunacy, and such practical matters. He is, or professes to be, so enthusiastic over the idea of Ireland a Nation that he never stops to think what sort of a nation she would be, if given independence to-morrow. He is hardly conscious that the infant nation would have considerable cause to complain of a party which has deliberately revived



internecine feuds, social and racial (though not, except on the part of some of its baser members, religious). Concerted intimidation and deliberate breach of contracts are awkward habits for administrators to deal with, but they are the legacy of the Land League. Already the Irish labourers have, in some cases, tried to mete out to farmers the measure which the latter used to give landlords. Nationalist local bodies have not always found it easy to collect the rent of labourers' cottages.

Some extreme politicians in Ireland have an eye on the National Congress and similar movements in India. There is, to the British observer, one striking analogy between the Congress-wallahs and most of the political Nationalists: in neither country do the leading political agitators appear to take any interest in social reforms. "Politics" is a specialised art in Ireland, and has hitherto had no more connexion with the national economy than religion, according to Lord Melbourne, ought to have with daily life. To destroy English rule, to displace the English garrison, to give their farms to the present occupiers (which is a very different matter from securing the land for the people)—those are the tasks that belong to the sphere of politics. To improve methods of farming, to increase the output of the land, to secure the free expression of opinion on matters in which Dublin Castle is not directly involved—these are insidious pretexts for drawing the people away from the national ideal. Absolutely no constructive reforming power has been shown by the Parliamentary party, which rests far more on certain vested interests than English opinion suspects. Publicans, village shopkeepers who practise usury, and petty slum-landlords are generally ardent Nationalists. The sense of old grievances and the sentiment of nationality generally diffused amongst the peasantry have enabled these worthies to remain unshaken when country gentlemen (identified with English rule) have lost all political influence. After all, it took the English working-man a long time to discover that the Liberal manufacturers who won the Reform Bill, fought against the Factory Acts, and defended adulteration, were not his best friends.

The Gaelic League, however, has really introduced a new spirit into Ireland, or has skilfully taken advantage of a new spirit which it found. It is not, as its advocates maintain, free from politics. Its originators, we believe, were and are genuinely anxious to prevent it from being identified with any particular party. But an organisation whose avowed object is "to de-Anglicise" Ireland has not much attraction for Irish Unionists. It has welcomed individual Unionists, and, for a time, it was frowned upon by the official Nationalists. But it now seems to be on excellent terms with the party, and Dr. Hyde's tour in America, while it may have deflected dollars from the party's chests, has brought his League into very close touch with the extreme sections of Irish-American opinion. The Irish language movement is interesting, but the careful observer will note that while the Gaelic League has persuaded local bodies to give paid appointments only to speakers of Irish, it has not attempted to enforce the language test on members even of district Councils, to say nothing of County Councils or Parliament. Thus we may find boards consisting of shopkeepers and farmers, not one of whom can speak Irish, refusing to appoint a dispensary doctor (in districts in which he will never have to use Gaelic in his practice) who is as poor a linguist as themselves—unless the parish priest says that he is to get the post. Medical competence is deliberately ignored in comparison with linguistic attainments. The secret is that the Guardians of the Poor have no intention of committing their own bodies to the care of the eloquent physician, and so are quite ready to oblige the Gaelic League by arranging that paupers shall be handed over to him. Perhaps the paupers would rather have the best physician, but they must suffer for the National cause. The Gaelic League will remove an ugly stain from itself when it attacks larger game than candidates for clerkships and small posts on railways and insists that "Nationalist" office-holders and spokesmen shall conform to its ideals. We shall be sorry to lose Mr. Redmond and some others from the House of Commons. Still, in spite of all this, the Gaelic League is very much in earnest

about making rural life more interesting, finding occupation for Irishmen in Ireland, and promoting temperance. These things are more important than its bigotry about the language. Moreover, it works to create a spirit of national self-respect, whereas the Parliamentarian has got into the habit of whining—in England—about the poverty and generally abject condition of his constituents. It was a deplorable thing that Irish Conservatives set their face so hard in the past against the national characteristics of Ireland, and, as a body, ostentatiously took no interest in the history, literature, art, and music of Ireland. These things were left to "rebels". The Scotch Conservatives were wiser. Sir Walter Scott and his friends fought with success against the assimilation of Scotland to England, the obliteration of the old landmarks, which Erskine and the first "Edinburgh Review" group were so anxious to effect. Of course burning political questions did not confuse such issues as these in Scotland: they were allowed to do so in Ireland. The "West Briton" spirit in its snobbish form is rapidly leaving the Irish gentry, who are discovering what a remarkably interesting country (in other provinces as well as in its facilities for field-sports) they inhabit. Oddly enough there is a good deal of social West Britonism amongst middle-class Nationalists, and the Gaelic League will do well if it persuades these worthies to be really proud of their own country instead of sentimentalising on its alleged misery. But the League has not much sense of proportion. The cheap London papers of the "Bits" type, and the game of cricket, are alike anathema to it. And its active propagandist Father Dinneen (who has done really good work on vernacular literature) cannot proclaim the merits of the Erse tongue without describing English as pre-eminently the language of Henry VIII. and Cromwell!

#### MR. ROOSEVELT'S NEW EPOCH.

WE are pained to find that President Roosevelt has again been misunderstood. From the unintelligent comments passed on his official patronage of Mr. Andrew Carnegie's Simplified Spelling Committee it appears that he is suspected of an intention to improve the English language. What excuse is furnished by his antecedents for imputing to him any tenderness to a moribund yet mischievous institution? Search his written and spoken utterances, and you will observe a fine Republican contempt for the King's English. He tramples on it as a galling reminder of the colonial bondage. It is high time, he holds, that a land which is alike the Home of the Free and the Paradise of the Half-educated should be provided with a tongue of its own. He has watched with sympathy, and stimulated by example, the efforts of his countrymen to emancipate themselves from Old-World conventions. Should anybody dispute the patriotic claim, let him search the files of American newspapers and read, if he can, the twenty or thirty columns of the President's last Message to Congress. It is something, but it is not enough, that in some of the States the spoken language is almost unintelligible to a Britisher. Consider too the astonishing variety of the independent dialects which have arisen within the Union. It is even declared that a citizen's domicile may be identified when you hear him eating pie. Here we are presented with a beautiful illustration of that "progress from the homogeneous to the heterogeneous", which Mr. Herbert Spencer regarded as a symptom and condition of development from the lower towards the higher life.

This consideration, however, makes us pause and ask whether the President is altogether prudent in stereotyping an American form of orthography. It would, no doubt, be a great national achievement to shatter the British shackles. But might it not be interpreted as an infringement of State rights, a Federal encroachment on free philology? Surely, the people of a go-as-you-please country are entitled, in the intellectual domain, to demand a spell-as-you-like charter. This, we think, is a point that Mr. Roosevelt—who is, we believe, sometimes charged with hastiness of judgment—may, perhaps, have overlooked. The severe academic standard which he proposes to establish will, no doubt,

have to be revised and relaxed by later authorities. For the present, however, it is an exhilarating prospect that the new democratic language will be determined by the joint counsels of such acknowledged savants as Mr. Theodore Roosevelt and Mr. Andrew Carnegie. There was a whisper that the eminent Pittsburg humanitarian weakened a little at the outset of the great project. It was said that he favoured the appointment of a joint Anglo-American committee (with himself, we suppose, as chairman) which should admit Britishers into consultation. Happily, he has been brought back to his higher self, and is content to rely on the expert advice of Professor Brander Matthews. The whole purpose and entire benefit of the linguistic revolution would have been destroyed if reactionary Orientals from London and Oxford and Cambridge had been invited to take part in the counsels and generally queer the pitch. The animating idea was not to revive a decaying and debased tongue. What Mr. Roosevelt means is to scrap the English language. He is a patriot, not a pottering philologist.

It is lamentable and discouraging to observe that Boston, U.S.A., will have nothing to say to his project. The clique of authors and scholars, glow-worms of culture who dare not venture into the brilliant light of Washington, hide themselves in pedantic darkness. Positively they wish to hitch themselves on to the lumbering British wagon, and remain associated, as they say, with the traditions of English literature. With an obscurantism which is hardly loyal they decline to govern their usage by the model made and provided at White House. This from the sons of the men who flung the tea into Boston harbour! Even the New York journals, which have not hitherto been accused of blind conventionality, are making a mock of their President. With distressing lack of charity they allege that he is trying a new dodge for turning the limelight on himself, and is playing for fresh notoriety in view of that Third Term which he has announced that he will neither solicit nor accept. "Wait till you are asked?" is their jeering and sceptical comment, and one of them has recalled the fable of the distinguished bird (*aquila Murricana Rooseveltii*) which "soared and soared and soared until it soared its darned tail off". Let us pass away from the degrading personalities of party controversies and dwell for a time on the higher plane of patriotism to which we have been raised by this magnanimous vision of a free-speaking Republic. It may, perhaps, be objected that the peoples of Southern America, who are shortly to be absorbed within the great Union of the North, the Chilians and Peruvians and Argentines, and those tiresome and intractable Mexicans, will hesitate to give up their flexible and musical Spanish in favour of a new language which they cannot recognise either by sound or sight. The question, we understand, was not raised by Mr. Elihu D. Root, the commission-agent of Washington Imperialism, on his recent visit to the Pan-American Congress. It is possible that some initial reluctance may eventually have to be overcome. This, perhaps, is looking just a little too far ahead. It will be time enough to think about wiping out Spanish when English has been cleared away. In the interval, immigrants to the United States—the Jews from Russia and Poland, Slavs from Hungary, Italians, Swedes and Germans—may be thankful that when they have mastered the new reformed American language they will possess something unique. With grateful hearts they will celebrate the founder of a new and original form of pidgin English.

Although the movement to which we have offered our sympathetic tribute is essentially American, repudiated though it may be by the Scribes and Pharisees of Massachusetts, we can hardly suppose that the uninspiring example will be altogether wasted on this country. This is the age of local government. Hitherto the acceptance of a standard orthography has been a grievous check upon provincial autonomy and personal initiative in the use of words. The interesting variety which is observed in the treatment of the vowels by the pupils of different educational centres will no longer be hampered by pedagogic uniformity. No Education Authority—if necessary, the case will be tried and taken up to the Court of Appeal—will be entitled to devote

any portion of the ratepayers' money to instruction in forms of spelling or pronunciation which are not approved by the majority of the inhabitants of that district. Should any dispute arise as to the proper use of the mother tongue the Board of Education will order a public spelling-bee to be held, and a scheme will be drawn up in accordance with the practice of the neighbourhood. No appeal will be permitted to the authorities of any University, academy, or other institution. Nor will the usage prescribed in any dictionary, glossary, or grammar book be admitted as evidence. The language belongs to the people and they will be held entitled to use it as the majority shall decide. Persons who persist in employing obsolete variants will be liable to pay an extra rate if they wish their children to be educated in their methods of pronunciation and spelling. But nothing in that section of the contemplated Act will absolve them from procuring the attendance of their children on five days of the week during the instruction which will be given in the local usage.

### THE CITY.

THE Stock Exchange has had a busy week with a firm tone pervading most sections of the House and a continuance of "boom" prices in the American railroad market. The settlement which is now in the course of completion has been extremely interesting, as there appears to be little doubt that the option dealers in American shares have been very roughly handled by Wall Street, call options having been bought largely by New York operators immediately before the declarations of increased dividends on Union Pacific and Southern Pacific stocks. But the sharp rise in prices came so suddenly that the option dealers on this side in many instances had no time to protect themselves by purchasing the stock to hold against the options—indeed it is reported that they were unable to provide themselves with half the required stock as is the customary practice, either running the remaining half or giving for the "put or call". The very heavy differences which are at present shown on these option transactions might constitute a serious source of danger to the market, but fortunately the firms engaged in this special line of business are, with few exceptions, very wealthy and it is unlikely that any trouble will arise although the losses must be very substantial. An interesting feature of the settlement in so far as American rails are concerned is the heavy shipment of stock which has taken place on New York account. We have heard that as much as £2,000,000 of securities have been taken off the London market and sent to America, an operation which is hardly to be explained by the requirements of the railway "bosses" for voting purposes. When it is remembered that there is a strong opinion held among conservative and prudent bankers in New York that a very tight money market will be experienced during September, a view which is endorsed by our bankers who are nervous of the American demand for gold, the shipment of stock to the amount named shows great courage on the part of the "bulls" in Wall Street or else it means that the bankers are wrong in their reckoning, as one would suppose that for the next month or two every effort would be made to finance purchases with London money. However, one thing is quite clear, the "bosses" are as clever as ever in conducting a "bull" campaign when they have decided upon action, and in the present instance they have unquestionably a basis of real value to work upon. The increased dividends which are now being declared have been honestly and squarely earned and in certain cases have been unfairly withheld from shareholders, but there is a danger that the declaration of bigger dividends will become too fashionable and to keep up appearances some of the less prosperous companies may be tempted to become too bold. In addition of course to the substantial effect of larger dividends the imagination of the public is now becoming a factor; where a 5 per cent. dividend is now declared they see a reasonable chance of 7 or 8 per cent. next year and so on; the combination of circumstances makes for very active



markets and to our mind they are likely to prove very dangerous other than for an exceptionally cool-headed speculator. The liabilities of the Philadelphia Real Estate Trust Company, which failed on Wednesday, amount to ten million dollars and as far as can be ascertained at present the deficiency is likely to be about three million dollars—the failure is attributed to the speculations of the president of the institution, who has since committed suicide.

There has been a steadier tone in the gilt-edged markets consequent on the Bank of England securing a large portion of the South African gold which arrived by last mail. Consols have improved and there has been a very fair amount of investment in colonial securities. Foreign securities have been steady with the exception of Russian bonds which have been noticeably weak—the new issue having been as low as  $11\frac{1}{2}$  per cent. discount at one time; but a slight improvement has since been shown.

Among colonial railways Canadian Pacifics have been very strong, heavy purchases having taken place on Montreal account and also for New York. There has been for a considerable time past a stream of English investment in the shares, which are likely to improve still further, we believe, as the harvest outlook is excellent and the traffic returns continue to make fresh records. The rumour is again current that a separate company will be formed shortly to take over the enormous land holdings of the company, but this has been frequently mentioned to assist a rise in prices and we do not consider the rumour very important—the assets of the company and its extraordinary prosperity are the best reasons for buying the shares for investment.

The attack made by the "bears" in the South African mining market at the end of last week proved a very half-hearted affair and quotations have recovered materially. It would be idle to pretend that there is any wide public interest at present, except doubtless from the many holders who bought at much higher prices, but there have been a great number of small lots of shares taken off the market this account, and if this continues and there is no attempt made to rush prices, we are hopeful that the market will maintain its improved appearance. Speculation in mines appears to be chiefly confined to copper companies for the moment, Tanganyikas, Spasskys, Northern Copper and Rhodesian Copper having been dealt in largely—the first-named more especially, whilst a considerable number of shares have been taken off the market which is usually a good sign; but a share such as Tanganyikas which has gone to nearly 30 and down to  $2\frac{1}{2}$  is obviously a rich man's gamble. A new introduction to the market has been the shares of the Siberian Syndicate which is the parent company of the Spassky Copper Mines; the Syndicate holds valuable mining properties in Russia and as an exploring company with substantial cash in hand the prospects are distinctly encouraging—the more one learns of the mineral resources of Eastern Russia the greater becomes one's conviction that, with a settled form of government, there is a wonderful future for mining in that country.

#### FIRE INSURANCE PROBLEMS.

THE earthquakes in California and Chili have drawn attention to the fact that in certain circumstances a fire insurance policy does not cover the damage done by fire. At San Francisco some companies had and some had not an earthquake clause, while all the policies issued by British offices in Valparaiso had this clause exempting them from liability for fires caused by earthquakes. The exact responsibility under the policies of various companies for the losses at San Francisco is still to some extent unsettled, but there seems to be no doubt that none of the British fire offices will have to make any payments for damage done by fire at Valparaiso and Santiago.

It is not generally recognised that nearly every fire policy contains limitations of one kind or another. The subject has been dealt with in a recent article in the "Nineteenth Century" which deserves attention. A fire policy, unlike a policy of life assurance, does not

insure a fixed amount. A man dies and the face value of the policy is paid, but when a fire happens the amount to be paid depends entirely on circumstances. If a man is insured for £2,000 and the entire property covered by the policy is burned the policy-holder can only obtain the £2,000 on supplying reasonable proof that the property destroyed was worth this sum. In certain cases the whole of the damage caused by fire is not payable by the insurance company. Under some policies, if property worth £4,000 were insured for only £2,000, and if half of it were destroyed by fire, the policyholder would not be able to recover the whole £2,000. It would be held that he was under-insured: that the company carried only half the risk and that he carried the other half himself. Consequently the fire office would be responsible for only half the amount of the damage, which in this case would be £1,000.

Another point not always recognised is that a fire policy protects the policyholder, not the property. If the purchaser of a house does not insure it as soon as the purchase is completed he has no claim in the event of a fire, although the seller may have been insured in connexion with this house and the seller's policy is unexpired so far as mere time is concerned.

Other questions of considerable importance to private owners occur in connection with works of art. There has long been, and still is, considerable reluctance on the part of the insurance companies to insure pictures for a fixed amount. The theory is that if a man is adequately insured he shall neither gain by the insurance nor lose by the fire. If a picture has increased in value he is entitled to more than it cost in the event of its being burned, and if at the time of the fire it is worth less than it cost he does not receive the price he paid for it. A fire policy is intended to cover loss by fire, not depreciation in the value of works of art. Within limits this difficulty may be surmounted: if a man chooses to assign, say, £500 as the value of a picture, and the company recognises that this is a fair value at the time of the insurance being effected, it is immaterial to the company what the real value of the picture may be, since the policyholder pays the premium for £500. It is immaterial to the company with one important exception. If the picture was never worth £500, or has become worth a great deal less than this, it would be to the advantage of the owner to burn the picture and claim the sum for which it was insured. It is this "moral hazard" against which fire insurance companies have to be on their guard. In a great many cases the moral risk could be neglected with safety; but in others it could not be ignored, and it would be fatal to work fire insurance by methods which enabled people to make profit out of a fire.

A somewhat kindred point occurs in connection with such things as furniture and carpets, which may have depreciated in value by use: if these are destroyed the company is only liable for their value at the time of the fire, and it may consequently cost the policyholder a larger sum to replace the old things by new than he receives from the fire office. He may be perfectly content to make do with the worn furniture, and in one sense a fire policy fails to save him from loss. When claims are small and obviously fair the companies generally replace old things with new, and thus the policyholder actually gains by a fire; but the legal liability of the companies does not compel them to do this.

These and other kindred considerations make fire insurance somewhat less satisfactory than honest folk would like it to be and think it might be. From time to time the fire offices make certain concessions, but in order to protect themselves from fraud it is necessary for them to insist upon stringent conditions, which are voluntarily relaxed when circumstances justify such a course.

Although we recognise that the conditions of policies are in many ways unduly strict it is very difficult to see how any substantial modifications can be made in the practices of the companies without encouraging fraud, and, apart from other considerations, the honest policyholder would be worse off if he had to pay for fraud than he is with the present conditions of policies.

## GRAND OPERA PROJECTS.

**S**CHMES for the permanent establishment of opera in London are attracting some attention at the present moment. The financial side of these projects is only interesting, from the musical standpoint, in so far as it touches the prospect of securing public support on a durable basis. Important points arise in this connexion. In the first place, there is the question of prices: by what principle are they to be governed? Secondly, the quality of the performances must be taken into consideration. Thirdly, there is the language question: is opera to be sung in English, or in a foreign language? I hold that these questions must be answered by common sense, and not upon any lofty or abstruse plane of art theory. If opera is to find consistent support in London, it must be organised in a way independent of fashionable caprice. It must be brought within reach of the man, of whom we have heard a good deal lately, who is poor on £2,000 a year, and of a much larger class who are compelled to exercise economy in their pleasure budget. But we cannot hope in this country, where the subsidised theatre is still only a taxpayer's nightmare, to bring opera down to the Continental level of cheapness.

The quality of the performances is a more debatable subject. Covent Garden is conducted upon what I may be forgiven for calling snobbish principles. Fashionable society thinks it must have the best of everything, from plover's eggs down to Italian opera. To be the best procurable an article must be expensive; so guinea stalls are accepted as the bearable limit of economy in elegant circles. The singers have next to be considered. How are the audience to know that they are hearing fine artists? It is useless for the management to ferret about for new talent. If Jenny Lind were reincarnated in an unknown singer, Covent Garden stall-holders would regard her appearance as an affront. So the caterers fall back upon the simple and time-honoured expedient of providing names—sometimes of present-day, more often of bygone, singers in the operatic world. All this is good enough for a certain set, whose artistic standards are fixed on a rigid basis of *£ s. d.* But a better and more indigenous system will have to be devised if a solid musical public is to be catered for. Nothing could be more extravagant—or more suicidal—than this absurd policy of giving scratch operatic performances by assembling the principals from all parts of Europe. It is not only a waste of money, but it deliberately erects a barrier against the establishment of anything in the nature of national opera. I have said before that I am absolutely a free trader in music, the true interests and progress of which demand that it should be placed altogether above national considerations. But if there is one thing that we can and do produce in this country it is excellent singers. It is a monstrous thing that fine English voices should be left fallow whilst the gold-prospecting impresario scours the great continental cities for celebrated foreigners. He does this not for the good of opera, but to its abiding detriment, with a single eye to pandering to the senseless obsession which governs the taste of the fashionable spend-thrift.

This question of the standard to be aimed at is intimately bound up with that of the language in which grand opera should be given, if it is to become a popular institution. A thoroughly capable body of instrumentalists must be regarded as a *sine qua non*; but there is no reason why any preference should be given, as far as the orchestral players are concerned, to any particular nationality. The main consideration need only be to get together, with due regard to the factor of economy, an efficient orchestra. The question of scenery is, I think, of far less importance; mechanical effects are apt to be overdone in some of our theatres, and I am convinced that a lavish expenditure on such objects would have little or no effect on the popularising of opera in this country. The real crux is the language question. It appears to be the most hotly disputed point amongst the advocates of rival projects. Yet I cannot think otherwise than that it is the simplest, and

the most easily settled, factor of all. Let people ask themselves this question: Would the German public, in any musical centre in Germany, support opera given, as a permanent institution, in Italian, French, or any other foreign language? The reply is obvious, and it can be applied with equal force to any other continental country. The fundamental reason is not far to seek. It would be absurd to argue that the eminent suitability of the German language for singing purposes lies at the bottom of this national predilection. The simple explanation is that ordinary individuals who go to the play or the opera like to understand what is going on. Intelligent musical amateurs will never content themselves, in Germany or elsewhere, with listening to performances of which they can only partially grasp the meaning. I have read with much amusement the suggestion, made in support of giving opera in a foreign language, that the English upper classes acquire, through travelling extensively on the Continent, such a general knowledge of French and Italian as fits them to appreciate, even to prefer, opera sung in those languages. This is supremely ridiculous. Not one per cent. of those who travel abroad acquire any knowledge of Italian at all; and those who pick up something of the language do so, not with any intellectual intention, but to facilitate their travelling and eating arrangements. To catch even the drift of what either principals or chorus are singing in opera requires a very thorough knowledge of the language in use. It is ridiculous to assert that the average social butterfly, who "does" Rome, Venice, and the Lakes with a Cook's circular ticket, knows enough Italian to make a fiftieth part of what is happening on the operatic stage intelligible to his or her brain. The preference shown by these classes for Italian opera is, as has already been pointed out, entirely a question of fashion; and indicates, one might add, a mock culture of the most stucco-fronted type.

There is validity, of course, in the contention that the English language is less suitable for singing purposes than either Italian, French, or German. That is, however, our national misfortune; and it may be pointed out with truth that the disability has not militated against the production of many of the finest singers in the world, whose greatest successes have often been achieved by means of English—not of German or Italian—songs. This circumstance alone points the moral that people appreciate fully only what they completely understand. A far more serious objection is that which is aimed at the translated libretto. The music of an opera is written to illustrate its text; when the words are translated, it not only happens that the exact sequence is lost, but the arrangement of phrases, and even their precise meaning, undergoes complete alteration. To some extent one must regard this incongruity as inevitable; but the fault lies largely with the translator. I have known conscientious librettists who have applied themselves, with due musical qualifications, in all seriousness to this problem of rendering phrases compatible with the composer's original setting. But the disadvantage in question is relatively a small matter in comparison with the giving of opera in a language understood by the audience; and if capable men were encouraged to undertake a thorough revision, on scientific lines, of the English versions of standard operas, it could be greatly modified, although, perhaps, not altogether got rid of.

I have enumerated certain features which seem to me to be bound up with the successful establishment of grand opera, as a permanency, in London. It may be relevant to say something, in conclusion, on the subject of this new public which operatic enterprise seeks to create. Let Germany once more serve as an example for the purposes of comparison. Having lived in a German family for some years, and mixed on an intimate footing with typical sections of German society in large provincial towns, I may claim to know something of relative conditions. The essential difference between English and German society, as far as either has come under my observation, is the absence amongst Germans of that snobbery of ostentation which afflicts nearly every Englishman, above the rank of a working-man, whom I have come across.



In Germany families live cheerfully in accordance with their means. It is not a national aspiration to bluff others into the belief that one's income is larger than it actually is. Those heartrending struggles, which we are informed are the daily lot of the Englishman with two thousand a year, to keep up misleading appearances are unknown to the bulk of the German upper classes, amongst whom this species of vulgarity is practically non-existent. Consequently, the average educated German, whose wife—whether she be Frau Baronin or Frau Bürgermeisterin—does not disdain to lend a helping hand in modest household duties, possesses the means to provide for the recreation as well as for the carnal necessities of himself and his family. Cultured Germans, in fact, regard certain intellectual pleasures as an essential part of human existence; and they order their lives accordingly. The family expenditure includes, as a matter of course, a regular subscription to the local theatre, where plays or operas are heard as individual taste may direct.

This is the kind of public we want to see created in our Metropolis. The first thing to be attacked, if a great art necessity like national opera is ever to be established here on a durable basis, is a false view of the purpose for which intelligent human society exists. Whilst people spend every sixpence they can earn or borrow in a constant endeavour to persuade the rest of the world, by means of finer houses, more luxurious dinners, and higher-powered motor-cars than they can legitimately afford, that they are richer than they actually happen to be, where is the money to come from in support of grand opera schemes? The same foolish ambition animates the bulk of the middle, and lower-middle, classes. We are a nation of rank snobs. The person who shirks recognition of this fact is no friend to his country. How to commence an assault on the smug self-complacency of those who continue to lead us by the nose in this detestable direction, is a thought that may well fill the heart of the stoutest philosopher with dismay. Nor is it an encouraging reflection for enterprising individuals who have the interests of English opera at heart. They have a big task in front of them if they mean, as I contend they must, to persuade the average convention-saturated Englishman to set aside a few pounds in his snobbish budget to provide occasional seats, for himself and his family, in a national opera-house.

HAROLD E. GORST.

#### VANISHING EAST ANGLIA.

OF late years there has flourished an ever-increasing school of "Nature-observers", so called, whereof the scholars, to judge from the published results, must for the most part graduate somewhere in the neighbourhood of Fleet Street. What instructed reader is there who does not know and fear the gush which these suburban students and sportsmen consider appropriate to the season in which it appears in the columns of the daily press? The luscious word-painting of summer as it is seen in the environs of Putney; the ridiculous description of shooting with its talk of "long stubble" in these days of self-binders and its earnest invocations to "wielders of the gun" to give up the "easy slaughter" of the "battue" and revert to the true sport of butchering October pheasants kicked up out of hedgerows and turnips as their grandfathers did before them! Such rusticities are printed by the yard and doubtless they serve their harmless purpose and meet the taste of the urban populations for which they are intended.

To these surface readers the advice may be given that they should leave Mr. Dutt's book\* alone since it provides "copy" of a very different order. Here indeed we have the work of one who possesses to a high degree that gift of patient daily observation which is becoming always more uncommon as civilised man recedes from his pristine state of a cultivator of the soil. If any country-dweller doubts this statement let him

take an urban friend, even one of the highest intelligence, for a walk through the fields and afterwards try to extract from him the sum of his observations. Often enough he will find that all he has noted is the season of the year, whether it was fine or wet and whether the ground over which he travelled was smooth or hilly. The ignorance of many people, otherwise well-educated, on all natural matters is in fact profound. Such folk are of the town towny and the sights and sounds which greet their senses on the occasion of an annual visit to the country leave little or no impression on them. These are foreign to their world.

It may be answered that even agricultural labourers, as distinct from the quaint, old-world marshmen and fowlers whom Mr. Dutt describes, are, on the average, also most unobservant men, or at least that they know singularly little of birds and trees and flowers, and in most cases care still less for the beauties of scenery or of the changing sky. The truth is, however, not that they are unobservant, but that they observe only those things which are of profit to them, such as the signs of the weather which affects their weekly wage. Thus not long ago I was astonished to find that a hedge carpenter, who had been handling wood all his life, could scarcely distinguish between the leaves of one tree and another in their growing state. His business was with timber, not with leaves. On the other hand, such sons of the soil are thorough masters of all that has to do with their own particular trade which they must acquire, or starve. That is where they have the advantage of the city youths who, beginning as errand boys, are in a few years thrust out on to the world, knowing nothing that is of use to anybody, and so go to swell the ranks of the unemployed. So long as he has health and strength the labourer on the land can always earn his living, because whether he wills it or no he has acquired a certain definite knowledge in the course of his long training, which assures him of a monetary return for his skilled work.

To return to "Wild Life in East Anglia", its author, Mr. Dutt, is undoubtedly one of those rare individuals who, possessed by an innate love of Nature, has brought the consideration of it to a fine art. The persons, scenes and wild things that he describes he has lived with from childhood, moreover he is a naturalist who can write well and has the added advantage of much knowledge of primitive man, his flint weapons, which are so plentiful in East Anglia, and his probable modes of life—for to these matters he has really applied his mind. The result is that he has produced a work that, notwithstanding its length and the somewhat disjointed character which is the penalty of its plan, can be studied with delight and instruction from the first page to the last, especially if the reader is familiar with the country that it treats of and the untamed life that still flourishes therein.

Many beautiful creatures, as Mr. Dutt tells us, have gone for ever from our shores, destroyed by the keeper who cares only for the game that brings him his daily bread, or worse still, by the wanton "sportsman" who slaughters every bird that is lovely and rare. Thus the bustards have departed and although Lord Walsingham tried to reintroduce them on the heaths of Breckland a few years ago by importing a flock from Spain, the result was a complete failure. The keepers and other persons armed with guns slew them all and only those who have seen these noble birds on the veld of South Africa and elsewhere will appreciate the greatness of this loss.

The bittern, too, is no more. A pair of the last of them, killed long ago somewhere in the neighbourhood of Swaffham, stare at me reproachfully as I write. Never again shall we in England hear its melancholy booming through the darkness or watch its owl-like flight when it is disturbed from its dense reedy bed, familiar enough, both of them, to all who have wandered by the lonely Transvaal vleis. The peregrine too has gone, and the raven, that impressive fowl which the traveller meets at every turn among the Iceland crags. The otter, also, is getting scarce, for every cadger with a gun-licence lifts his hand against it, although where only coarse fish abound it does but little harm.

\* "Wild Life in East Anglia." By W. A. Dutt. London: Methuen. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

In the same way the lovely black-headed gulls that nest in the meres are now much fewer than they were. When I used to visit Scoulton as a boy I can remember them in thousands, but now, I believe, there is another tale to tell. Mr. Dutt says that in 1845 as many as 44,000 eggs were collected at Scoulton, whereas in 1902 the take was limited to 1,000 on account of the progressive wastage of the parent birds. It is these eggs that appear on London dinner-tables as those of plovers and it seems that gulls grow tired of this perpetual robbery. At any rate an authority quoted by Mr. Dutt states that in one season they were so disgusted that "they did not stop to hatch off one young one". If this be so, it is a fine example of the unwisdom that is crystallised in the ancient proverb. Green plover also seem to be lessening in East Anglia and for similar reasons. Their eggs are mercilessly collected for the table while multitudes of them perish annually beneath the gun of the shore-shooter and the net of the fowler. On the other hand the stone curlew or Norfolk plover still remains in certain districts, indeed there are said to be more of them in Breckland than in any other spot in the British Isles. It is a weird looking bird with large eyes and yellow legs and probably identical with the species that is to be found in Natal where I have often shot them.

Amongst many such matters Mr. Dutt speaks of the ruses by means of which all plovers habitually attempt to decoy the intruder from the neighbourhood of their nests, tumbling to and fro as though they were broken-winged and could be caught with ease. This is a familiar trick with them and some other birds all over the world, though once I remember it astonished me in a place where white men had seldom been. Natives have no guns and do not trouble themselves about plover or their eggs, so that the plan can hardly have been evolved from experience. Yet no English peewit could have been more ready to put it into action.

Other things are vanishing in East Anglia, namely its ancient and historical oaks, whereof Mr. Dutt gives an interesting list which he has collected from various records. Amongst others he mentions the famous Thwaites Oak that stood at Tivetshall which was felled in 1901 by a Mr. Jonathan Boyce, since deceased, a native of Tivetshall who having, it was said, prospered as a timber merchant in America, returned and bought the land whereon it stood. For many years, like thousands of other travellers by the Waveney Valley line, I had admired this glorious tree standing alone upon its knoll and when I happened to visit Tivetshall and found it hacked down and lying prone, my feelings were such as I should scarcely have cared to express in words. Part of the trunk alone, which measured quite seven feet through, weighed 20 tons, and the whole of it, Mr. Dutt informs us, was sold for the paltry sum of £40. Moreover the purchasers made a bad bargain, for the wood though sound turned out to be "short" and almost worthless.

Ancient and ornamental timbers of this sort, especially when they stand where they can be seen by all, should be a public possession, and certainly he who destroys them without good cause, works a public injury. At any rate it seems probable that the inhabitants of Norfolk would gladly have subscribed twice the value of the Thwaites Oak to keep it standing that its spreading greenery might rejoice the eyes of future generations. By the way I am able to add two to Mr. Dutt's list of famous trees which I think he has overlooked, although both of them had been felled before my time, namely the Kirby Oak and the Broome Oak, which from the descriptions I have received of them, must have been almost if not quite as large as their brother of Tivetshall.

Mr. Dutt seems to hope that other famous trees of like magnificence will arise in place of those that have been turned into cash. Would that one could agree with him, but it is the experience of many of us that little oak is being planted in East Anglia and that year by year that which still stands is woefully diminished, especially since the death duties came into operation.

No space remains to discuss the details of Mr. Dutt's charming work, but perhaps this is as well since of these in their multitude it would be impossible to give any adequate idea. Every "lover of solitude and

untrodden ways", to whom beasts, birds, flowers and the winds that sweep across the marshes are familiar or remembered things, should study them for himself. It is safe to prophesy that he will not be disappointed. Mr. Southgate's illustrations are well drawn and chosen but the colour printing is not always quite successful. He was fortunate to find two living bitterns to serve as models for his picture, as few have been heard of in East Anglia since the year 1886.

H. RIDER HAGGARD.

#### LÉON CLADEL.

I HOPE that the life of Léon Cladel by his daughter Judith, which Lemerre has brought out in a pleasant volume, will do something for the fame of one of the most original writers of our time. Cladel had the good fortune to be recognised in his lifetime by those whose approval mattered most, beginning with Baudelaire, who discovered him before he had printed his first book, and helped to teach him the craft of letters. But so exceptional an artist could never be popular, though he worked in living stuff and put the whole savour of his countryside into his tragic and passionate stories. A peasant, who writes about peasants and poor people, with a curiosity of style which not only packs his vocabulary with difficult words, old or local, and with unheard of rhythms, chosen to give voice to some never yet articulated emotion, but which drives him into oddities of printing, of punctuation, of the very shape of his accents! A page of Cladel has a certain visible uncouthness, and at first this seems in keeping with his matter; but the uncouthness, when you look into it, turns out to be itself a refinement, and what has seemed a confused whirl, an improvisation, to be the result really of reiterated labour, whose whole aim has been to bring the spontaneity of the first impulse back into the laboriously finished work.

In this just, sensitive, and admirable book, written by one who has inherited a not less passionate curiosity about life, but with more patience in waiting upon it, watching it, noting its surprises, we have a simple and sufficient commentary upon the books and upon the man. The narrative has warmth and reserve, and is at once tender and clear-sighted. "J'entrevois nettement", she says with truth, "combien seront précieux pour les futurs historiens de la littérature du XIX<sup>e</sup> siècle, les mémoires tracés au contact immédiat de l'artiste, exposés de ses faits et gestes particuliers, de ses origines, de la germination de ses croyances et de son talent; ses critiques à venir y trouveront de solides matériaux, ses admirateurs un aliment à leur piété et les philosophes un des aspects de l'Âme française". The man is shown to us, "les élans de cette âme toujours grondante et fulgurante comme une forge, et les nuances de ce fiévreux visage d'apôtre, brun, fin et sinueux", and we see the inevitable growth, out of the hard soil of Quercy and out of the fertilising contact of Paris and Baudelaire, of this whole literature, these books not less astonishing than their titles: "Ompdrailles-le-Tombeau-des-Lutteurs", "Celui de la Croix-aux-Bœufs", "La Fête Votive de Saint-Bartholomée-Porte-Glaive". The very titles are an excitement. I can remember how mysterious and alluring they used to seem to me when I first saw them on the cover of what was perhaps his best book, "Les Vas-Nu-Pieds".

It is by one of the stories, and the shortest, in "Les Vas-Nu-Pieds", that I remember Cladel. I read it when I was a boy, and I cannot think of it now without a shiver. It is called "L'Hercule", and it is about a Sandow of the streets, a professional strong man, who kills himself by an over-strain; it is not a story at all, it is the record of an incident, and there is only the strong man in it and his friend, the zany, who makes the jokes while the strong man juggles with bars and cannon-balls. It is all told in a breath, without a pause, as if some one who had just seen it poured it out in a flood of hot words. Such vehemence, such pity, such a sense of the cruelty of the spectacle of a man driven to death like a beast, for a few pence and the pleasure of a few children; such an evocation of the sun and the streets and this sordid tragic thing happening to



the sound of drum and cymbals; such a vision in sunlight of a barbarous and ridiculous and horrible accident, lifted by the telling of it into a new and unforgettable beauty, I have never felt or seen in any other story of a like grotesque tragedy. It realises an ideal, it does for once what many artists have tried and failed to do; it wrings the last drop of agony out of that subject which it is so easy to make pathetic and effective. Dickens could not have done it, Bret Harte could not have done it, Kipling could not do it: Cladel did it only once, with this perfection.

Something like it he did over and over again, with unflagging vehemence, with splendid variations, in stories of peasants and wrestlers and thieves and prostitutes. They are all, as his daughter says, epic; she calls them Homeric, but there is none of the Homeric simplicity in this tumult of coloured and clotted speech, in which the language is tortured to make it speak. The comparison with Rabelais is nearer. "*La recherche du terme vivant, sa mise en valeur et en saveur, la surabondance des vocables puisés à toutes sources . . . la condensation de l'action autour de ces quelques motifs éternels de l'épopée: combat, ripaille, palabre et luxure*", there, as she sees justly, are links with Rabelais. Goncourt, himself always aiming at an impossible closeness of written to spoken speech, noted with admiration "*la vraie photographie de la parole avec ses tours, ses abréviations, ses ellipses, son essoufflement presque*". Speech out of breath, that is what Cladel's is always: his words, never the likely ones, do not so much speak as cry, gesticulate, overtake one another. "*L'âme de Léon Cladel*", says his daughter, "*était dans un constant et flamboyant automne*". Something of the colour and fever of autumn is in all he wrote.

Another writer since Cladel, who has probably never heard of him, has made heroes of peasants and vagabonds. But Maxim Gorki makes heroes of them, consciously, with a mental self-assertion, giving them ideas which he has found in Nietzsche. Cladel put into all his people some of his own passionate way of seeing "*scarlet*", to use Barbey d'Aurevilly's epithet: "*une rurale écarlate*". Vehement and voluminous, he overflowed: his whole aim as an artist, as a pupil of Baudelaire, was to concentrate, to hold himself back; and the effort added impetus to the checked overflow. To the realists he seemed merely extravagant; he saw, certainly, what they could not see; and his romance was always a fruit of the soil. The artist in him, seeming to be in conflict with the peasant, fortified, clarified the peasant, extracted from that hard soil a rare fruit. You see in his face an extraordinary mingling of the peasant, the visionary and the dandy: the long hair and beard, the sensitive mouth and nose, the fierce brooding eyes, in which wildness and delicacy, strength and a kind of stealthiness, seem to be grafted on an inflexible peasant stock.

ARTHUR SYMONS.

#### THE NOBLE LOVER.

THE greatest love is the love that veils  
A something from the common sight;  
The love that loves and always fails  
To bring to pass what others might.  
That holds its image in a shrine,  
A holy hidden sanctuary;  
That makes the thing it loves divine  
And loves to all eternity.  
That does not touch but only longs  
In loneliness its whole life thro';  
And thinks good thoughts and writes bad songs,  
Which lonely lovers always do.  
The love that makes life happiness  
If only love doth near abide,  
And death itself hath no distress  
If love die happy by his side.

A. D. C.

#### RETREAT.

A MAN will hardly be accused of misanthropy, or of misogyny, if after ten months of work and play in London he finds that he is not loving man the less but Nature more. In fact, if he were loving man a trifle the less, even so he might not be an entirely abandoned character. He might still have a good deal of the milk of human kindness left in him. If he is a man who does any work, a London season, especially a hot one, must sensibly affect, though it never dry up, the spring's volume. I confess I did not feel very self-accusative, when in the later weeks of July I found old tags about "the hum, the shock, the press of men" and so on continually on my lips. I was inclined rather to emend the tag, for I had found the press of women a good deal the more trying. Certainly I could not go on with the stanza; "the world's tired denizen" I was, but to "roam along" was quite out of the question. It was just what I wanted to do, but could not for the press of women. Battling through any of the popular shopping streets of the West End during June or July, if you are on business bent, is not a soothing process. It is quite as nicely calculated to induce Childe Harold's temper and view of his fellow-creatures as "roaming along". It is all very well earlier in the year. The gay crowd had its attractions then, and one could take the pushing and jostling cheerfully. But repeated every day for three months, the game becomes tiresome. July is not a good month for Rugby football. There was a momentary pleasure, no doubt, in the reaction of getting out of the crowd and looking down on them from a great height—physical merely, not moral or intellectual ("superiority" is odious)—in every way they were like a swarm of ants, except that they were more handsomely coloured. There is much to be said for living in a loft. Émile Souvestre's is not the only "philosophe sous les toits." And in any case the crush would melt away with July. And it did—but another took its place. The flocks of parrots and cockatoos and macaws disappeared, and a swarm of starlings immediately occupied the ground. To have to struggle through a crowd of provincials day after day is really too much. In the season's crowd there was at any rate something to see, and one was among familiars. But jostling with these strangers—I found myself loving Nature a very great deal more.

Anything to get away: not that I forgot my Lucretius and the man who drove furiously from his town house to his country house, but no sooner took out the horses than he had them put in again and drove furiously back to Rome. "*Coelum non animus*" perhaps. Still I would try the sea. Βῆ δ' ἄκέρως παρὰ θύρα. I was much in Achilles' mood. Plainly the "unharvested" ocean was the thing for me. May be it was, but by the sea I was not so fortunate as Achilles. Others were there before me. It is curious how the sea, so grand in solitude, so exhilarating in its free untamed estate, seems to be vulgarised by association with humans, certainly with humans on a holiday. What a poor cowed thing it is playing about amongst the girders of the pier or lapping against a "sea-wall", flirting, as it were, with the gay over-dressed paraders above. In these places the sea reminds me of a performing elephant or lion. Poor beast, he is always vulgar when he is doing his tricks, and he seems to know it; only when he rebels does he become himself, and recover his dignity and grace. And the sea becomes itself when from time to time, rising in a storm, it rejects humans wholly, scattering their piers and kiosks and sea-walls. But it was a very vulgar sea I was looking on, gambolling in clumsy horse-play with a lot of ill-shapen, hideously c'ad women bathing. Why is it that our middle class, so admirable in work, is so terrible in play? An English watering-place in the season epitomises the middle class. Watch them. Could anything be more disgusting than some of these children, girls of twelve or thirteen, expensively over-dressed in the morning, expecting admiration, furtively seeking all the time who is looking at them? Hear them talking with their offensively wealthy mothers. All they talk of is whether Mr. This or Mr. That is here; and has she seen Miss —'s dress? and is not Mrs. C. pretty?

This is worse than London. Let me flee to the

mountains. But the yellow boots and the white trousers follow me there too. Is there no escape? Shall I try the simple life in a farmhouse? But the farmer's daughter would be sure to turn up in the last new thing in cheap finery. Disillusionment again. Shall I slay grouse or go to one or other of the baths on the Continent? There is no retreat in that; I should love man there a little more, no doubt; but my longing is for one moment to be master of myself, not one of others. Whither shall I flee?

J'y suis; j'y reste. I am in an old garden: there is a scent of mown grass, coming fresh against the heavier scent of some Japanese lilies, the crimson Melpomene; hollyhocks, with very heavy heads, butterfly gladiolus, and blazing geraniums; and in and out are a number of old-fashioned plants with some sweet herbs: all basking in the silence of the declining but still hot sun. On the smooth grass in front falls a little cascade of water, in which the birds delight greatly: cushat doves, blackbirds, thrushes, starlings, numerous sparrows. A robin is singing in a tree near by. Most of the trees, I notice, show slight signs of autumn, agreeing with the bronzed over-ripe pears I see hanging from the lower branches of a great tree on my left; others lie on the ground. Beyond the wall, covered almost in its whole length with green, the tops of the trees close the view. At this hour, about six o'clock, the air is unusually clear; the steam from a passing train spreads out in the blue white and feathery as the high clouds. Westward the softened outlines of what might be a forest are bathed in a yellow haze, spreading till it catches a church-spire on the horizon line, which seems to stand solitary, the last point the eye can take. Church bells are ringing, and the sound seems to help rather than break the evening quiet.

The house, like other houses in London at this time of year, is empty of its inhabitants; for this garden is within a quarter of an hour of the City; two minutes from it are tubes, trains, trams and "buses" to everywhere. It is in anything but a suburb. Miss Austen may have known it; one or other of her heroes rides out to his country house very near here. In a hundred years the house evidently has passed from country through the suburban stage to town unqualified. But that is without; within, and behind, for in the days when this house was built there was no shoddy attempt to put everything in the window, there is quiet, broken only by the sound of passing trains, as might be the quiet of any country garden.

Here I am king of myself. I can go anywhere in a few minutes, but I need not go anywhere. My friends and relatives are all out of town. I mean no offence to my friends and relatives, but for a moment their absence leaves a sense of space. There is a spaciousness in one's thoughts at this time of year in London; so much ground usually crowded is now vacant. It is restful to think of the empty Houses of Parliament, the empty Courts, the empty drawing-rooms. London is taking things quietly; not trying much even to amuse itself. One is free. No one thinks I am in London. I do not think anyone else is in London. In the country, of course, I could find hundreds of quiet old gardens; idyllic cottages in ideal scenery. But to any of those I should have gone of set purpose to find rest, detachment, pleasure; and a hundred to one I should have just missed it. These things do not come by taking thought. They come, if they do come, spontaneously, accidentally. I never dreamt of seeking a retreat here. I happened to be here, and here is retreat.

There is the first bat; for bats have never left this garden; and the moths are beginning to come out. The voices of the children playing beyond, in the recreation fields, come fainter and more rarely. It will be a moonlit night. I wonder which of my friends in troops by the sea, or on the Continent, or in country houses is feeling more peaceful than I am. R.I.P.

#### BRIDGE.

##### REDOUBLING.

IT should always be remembered that the possibilities of doubling do not end with the doubler. Either adversary has the power of redoubling, but this power

is one which is not exercised nearly as often as it might be. When an original suit declaration, made by a safe player, is doubled by one of the adversaries, the declarer's partner ought at once to ask himself whether he is strong enough to redouble, but the fact of the declaration being doubled seems generally to have a sort of paralysing effect, and the opportunity of redoubling to advantage is very often neglected. When the declarer's partner can see a practical certainty of three tricks in his own hand, he ought always to redouble at the score of love all, provided that he can depend upon his partner's declaration being a sound one. The personal element counts for a great deal in this case. When playing with a partner who makes very light red suit declarations, one who will declare hearts on five to the queen or knave, and not much besides, redoubling is a proceeding fraught with much danger, but with a partner whose declaration can be depended upon, three tricks in the other hand will probably be quite enough to turn the scale.

It will very rarely happen that the doubler has sufficient strength to win seven tricks on his own hand. In nearly every case of a sound declaration and a sound double, the result of the game will depend upon which of the other two hands can render the more assistance.

Take such a hand as this:—

The dealer declares hearts, holding

Hearts—King, knave, 10, 6, 4  
Diamonds—Ace, knave, 5  
Clubs—10, 8, 6  
Spades—7, 4

The eldest hand doubles, having

Hearts—Ace, queen, 8, 5, 3  
Diamonds—10, 4  
Clubs—Ace, king, 5  
Spades—Knave, 10, 3

This is quite a sound heart declaration by the dealer and quite a sound double by the eldest hand, but it is easy to see that the result of the game will depend upon who holds the ace and king of spades and the king of diamonds. Suppose the dealer's partner to hold the ace and king of spades, and the king and queen of diamonds, with one trump or even no trump at all, he ought to redouble on the strength of his three tricks, and those three tricks will assuredly turn the scale in his favour.

Another useful opportunity for redoubling, not this time by the declarer's partner, but by the declarer himself, is when the dealer declares No Trumps on a strong hand, with three aces and one very weak suit, and the third hand doubles, the score being the dealer love and the adversaries six or more up. In this case it is certain that if the right suit is led the dealer will lose the game, but the right suit is by no means certain to be led, and the dealer ought to redouble on the chance of winning a very big game, notwithstanding the risk of losing a few extra points if the leader happens to strike the desired suit.

An instance of this was a good deal talked about a few months ago. The score was the dealer love, the other side eighteen, in the last game of the rubber. The dealer declared No Trumps, holding

Hearts—Ace, king, 10, 7  
Diamonds—Ace, knave  
Clubs—8  
Spades—Ace, king, queen, knave, 9, 4

The third player doubled, and the dealer redoubled. A spade was led, and the dealer won the small slam, counting 288 below the line. Some discussion arose as to whether he was right to redouble, and the dealer, who is a very fine player, offered to bet that he was theoretically right. The question was referred to the card editor of a certain journal, which professes to be, and used to be, an authority on all card questions, and the answer given was, "The dealer was wrong to redouble, as he ought to have known that the doubler had seven winning clubs". Of course he knew it, but he elected to take the risk, seeing that it could not entail the loss of the game, but only an extra loss of 24 or 48 points, with a chance of a very big gain, which happened to come off, and he did perfectly right to take the risk. The authority referred to missed the point of the situation altogether. If the opponents had been



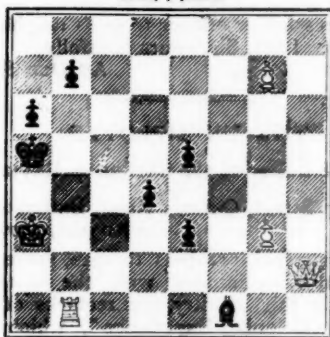
nothing up, the redouble would have been a very bad one, but, as one trick would put them out in any case, it was perfectly right to redouble on the chance of the wrong suit being led.

The whole question turned on the fact that the adversaries were already 18 up, and the consideration of what the dealer ought to have known about the doubler's hand, which he undoubtedly did know and fully recognised, had no bearing on the matter at all.

### CHESS.

PROBLEM 90. By Dr. E. LASKER (World's Champion Chess Player).

Black, 7 pieces.



White, 5 pieces.

White to mate in three moves.

This problem has been specially composed for the SATURDAY REVIEW. Apart from the actual solution, the number of "tries" which have been cleverly defeated is of considerable interest.

Solutions to above will be duly acknowledged.

KEY TO PROBLEM 86: 1. Q-K2, K-K5. 2. Q-K2, &c.  
" " 87: 1. K-B4.

Theoretically, to play well a person must have either deep analytical power or good judgment. Good players possess the two qualities, though in varying degrees. In a game of almost infinite combinations there is naturally a limit to a player's capacity for analysis. By the exercise of judgment or accumulated experience, a player learns to take things for granted. The value of good judgment lies in the fact that as the mind does not waste energy with unessentials, it is better prepared at the crucial moment to exercise all its power.

In our comments on games or on the game itself we have always tried to deal with its human aspect. In this article it will be seen that just as mistakes of certain people leave behind distinct evidence of talent or even greatness, so a game of chess may show clearly that the loser possesses great ability, even without knowledge of the reputation of the player.

### FALKBEER COUNTER GAMBIT.

White	Black	White	Black
G. Maroczy	A. Burn	G. Maroczy	A. Burn
1. P-K4	P-K4	6. Kt-KB3	B-QB4
2. P-KB4	P-Q4	7. Q-K2	B-B7ch
3. P x QP	P-K5	8. K-Q1	Q x Pch
4. P-Q3	Kt-KB3	9. KKt-Q2	P-KB4
5. P x P	Kt x P		

At first glance it looks as though white is thoroughly disorganised. But as black is compelled to make this move, white gains time and material without any effort.

10. Kt-B3 Q-Q5  
11. Kt x Kt P x Kt  
12. P-B3 . . .

Usually, most players (white included) would simply play Q x Pch forcing the exchange of queens; confident that the extra pawn would be sufficient to win the game. But by placing the onus of exchanging queens on black as in the text, white appears to gain a move in that he recaptures with the bishop and develops at the same time. Another consideration is that the king

is provided with an outlet on B2. But while it does that, it allows black later to play B-Q6 with effect. The move cannot in all the circumstances be condemned; only making complications is like looking for trouble

12. . . . Q-K6  
13. Kt x P Q x Qch  
14. B x Q B-Kt3  
15. Kt-Kt5 Kt-B3  
16. R-K1 Kt-K2  
17. B-B3 P-B3  
18. B-K3 B-KB4  
19. P-KKt4 . . .

White is aggressive when he certainly ought to look after his defences. 19. B x B followed by Kt-K6 looks simple and uncompromising.

19. . . . B-Q6  
20. K-Kt6 K-B2  
21. Kt x P . . .

The idea is somewhat similar to the one just hinted at, only then the Kt would have been attacking the bishop. If now 21. K x Kt; 22. B x B followed by R x Ktch.

21. . . . KR-Q  
22. Kt-K6 R-Q3  
23. B x B P x B  
24. Kt-Q4 P-B4  
25. Kt-Kt3 Kt-Kt3  
26. K-Q2 Kt x P  
27. K-K3 Kt-R6  
28. B x P . . .

White sees all along that he can remain with sufficient material to win. He has still two pawns to the good, but he is overwhelmed by a smaller force because it can successfully attack the vital spot.

28. . . . R-R2  
29. B-Kt2 . . .

How natural! And yet, the thing black wanted. Our theme has compelled us to deal with white. Otherwise the game (which was played in the recent tournament at Ostend) is on Mr. Burn's part a great example of brilliant play under difficulties.

29. . . . R-K2ch  
30. K-B3 B-K7ch  
31. Resigns

### CORRESPONDENCE.

#### BUTTERFLIES AT THE ZOO.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

20 Fitzroy Street W. 27 August 1906.

SIR,—I read the article under the above heading in your issue of 11 August with extreme interest. It is several years now since I was in the insect house at the Zoological Gardens, one reason being, perhaps, because I had no entrancing recollections of it. This morning, stirred by your writer's reflections on the subject, and it being a day just made for the purpose, I stole an hour or two from my proper work to revisit the place. My memories alas! were not false ones. Your writer's criticism, Sir, is hardly too severe. That house, so far as the insects are concerned, is undoubtedly a dreary and dispiriting spot. But surely it can only be so for the moment. Such immense improvements have taken place in the Gardens generally of late, since my last visit let me say, that obviously it can merely be matter of a little time before insects are housed and shown there to as much advantage as most of the other inhabitants.

One reason, possibly, why at the Zoological Gardens the butterflies and moths have not hitherto received the honour due to them has arisen from the popular notion that they are trivial creatures, worth at most but the consideration of schoolboys. Even still the grown man who interests himself about them is good-naturedly but contemptuously spoken of as a "bug-hunter". I remember a few years since meeting at a dinner-party a member of His Majesty's late Government. The conversation happened to get upon butterflies. It is no exaggeration to say that this eminent politician displayed such naïve ignorance in the course of our conversation that it clearly would have been no surprise to him had I assured him that a butterfly leapt full-fledged out of an egg, and then gave birth to a caterpillar. The present-day nature-study for our children, misdirected and harmful as I cannot help thinking much of it is, will tend no doubt to put an end to this sort of ignorance. But up till now there it,

and the prejudice born of it, has been: and as one of their results—a sort of compromise between a finer sense of the fitness of things and the general misapprehension of them—is the present insect house at the Zoological Gardens.

The existing cages in this insect house are excellent ones for an individual student desirous of closely observing the metamorphoses of special insects, or of breeding perfect specimens for after-preservation in his cabinet. I take it, however, that for neither of these purposes should the insect house of the Society be maintained. Serious study and the formation of any serious collection of Lepidoptera demand very different conditions from any that can be supplied to the public even by the Zoological Society. Moreover, it is not to be dreamed of that any appreciable number of the public will be moved to a desire for such study, nor are they to be encouraged wantonly to dabble with collecting. But certainly it would be a great thing if the eyes of most of us, now so fast closed, could be opened somewhat to see the marvels of the insect world that surrounds us everywhere, and if we could be moved by its beauty. Remember, Sir—for the public scientific knowledge matters little: what does matter is to see the world of living nature, and be moved to admiration at the sight. Even a little of such appreciation and such emotion would be solid gain to us in more ways than one. I cannot pretend that this gain seems to me at all likely to result from a visit to the breeding-cages now on view at the Gardens. I cannot but feel it would pretty certainly result from an intelligent and careful series of experiments along the lines suggested in your article.

Experiments undoubtedly there would have to be, and those not a few: but in properly constructed houses, diligently cared for, there seems no reason to suppose that it would be impossible to maintain a succession of the imagines of many lovely and showy species of butterflies flying about under conditions fairly natural to them. I emphasise here the words butterflies, imagines, and showy. A few moths might be available, but for the most part the moths are not day-fliers. Again, the best butterflies to exhibit would be those that show themselves off to greatest advantage in their flight—as, for example, our own Brimstone and Orange-tip. Many butterflies exquisite in themselves are ineffective to the eye in flight or when at rest. Lastly, what we should think most of is the perfect insect. The creatures, of course, would be reared from the egg in the large cages or houses we are suggesting. But their metamorphoses in so large a space, properly laid out, would for the most part, I fear, be invisible—the caterpillars and pupæ being in great measure protectively concealed by their form and colour, or actually hidden amongst the grass and foliage. These houses, however, might well be supplemented by smaller breeding-cages, in which a few of the larvæ and pupæ could be seen, and also by enlarged and accurately coloured drawings of certain of the more remarkable insects in their several stages. But the living, perfect butterflies flying healthily about over the bushes and flowers—that is the thing that would tell, that would open men's eyes and do them good. Why, it may be said, any sunny summer day one may see plenty of butterflies at large in the park! True: but in these houses you would be shown many more splendid butterflies than ever London can boast. Moreover, most of us are far more likely to be enlivened and impressed by a concentrated show within a definite space than we shall be left at loose with Nature. From such a show we may return to Nature with eyes more opened and sensitive.

You say, Sir, "we throw out an idea, we do not pretend to present a scheme". Undoubtedly. To present to the Zoological Society a cut-and-dried scheme would be an impertinence. But if only your idea might commend itself, the Society is well able to perfect a scheme, which would soon show us your idea realised. And I will pray that so it may be.

I remain, Sir, your obedient servant,

SELWYN IMAGE.

## NATIONAL SERVICE.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The letter from Mr. Constable which appeared in your columns last Saturday gives one more instance of the fact that the heart of the people is sound and that they would gladly undergo military training for the national defence if they could do so without great loss.

It is absolutely certain from the experience of other countries that compulsory military training could be carried on without any harm to the national life. Japan and Switzerland are two notable examples of free and happy nations, prospering steadily while submitting to compulsory training. Why cannot we follow the sane and simple methods of Switzerland, uniting all classes in the noble cause of self-defence, without any spirit of aggression or offence to one's neighbours?

I am, Sir, yours faithfully,

AN OLD SOLDIER.

## THE UNEMPLOYED.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

69 S. Philip Street, Queen's Road, Battersea, S.W.  
20 August, 1906.

SIR,—Having had, previous to 1906, some considerable practical acquaintance with the conditions of employment in this country, the remarks of your correspondent "Colonial Experience", which appeared under the above heading in your last issue greatly interested me. The statement that particularly arrested my attention was "the fact that an 'unemployed person' is obviously young, strong and well nourished should make us all leave him to find for himself his proper level". May I be permitted to protest against the advocacy of this attitude, which unfortunately is held by a considerable section of the educated classes and is responsible for the futile measures which we take to deal with this great question? Were adequate data available relating to the condition of the working classes, the fluidity of labour would be considered as a myth. The displaced worker, other than the skilled craftsman, can only ensure continuity of employment by accepting a lower wage than his competitors in the labour market. I need hardly point out that were all actuated with this idea, we should eventually be reduced to the level of Asiatic races. To give a practical illustration of the state of the unskilled labour market, it may be mentioned that the present writer was in the early part of 1905 an unsuccessful applicant for the position of a porter at a West End house of business. The proprietor, before proceeding to examine my qualifications for this post, requested me to state the wages required. Being misled by his seeming "bon naturel" manner, and bearing in mind the condition of the debit side of my ledger, I apprehensively suggested 24s. per week. After calling my attention to a receptacle containing over four hundred unopened letters received among others, in reply to the advertisement, this gentleman gave me an unmistakable impression that the interview was at an end. The applicant whose mind is obsessed with the greatest fear of impending doom obtains the situation, the minimum wage is an unknown quantity and not a precept of morality, after nineteen centuries of Christianity. Our appalling growth of pauperism, and the ever-increasing poverty of our urban districts, so ably presented to our view by the labours of such eminent sociographers as Mr. Charles Booth, Mr. Seebohm Rowntree and Mr. Scott, the decrease in the amount of deposits in the Post Office Savings Bank and the similar parallelism revealed by the Glasgow Savings Bank, far outweigh to my mind any conclusions that may be drawn from the Board of Trade statistics relative to the increasing volume of trade. The utter inadequacy of any official statistics which have a bearing upon the condition of the working classes is greatly to be regretted. Surely it is the primal duty of a State to have knowledge of the conditions of employment of the inhabitants. The occasion justifies a comparison between the Labour Department



at Whitehall, where reports and blue-books are charged for by avoirdupois weight, and the Bureau of Labour at Washington, whose business it is to acquire any information that may be useful to American working men, whether as individual or organisation. A written application will bring post free any report or document desired. We hear from all sources, with every recurring winter, that the volume of unemployment is steadily increasing, and the reader in search of the comical side of things will draw much refreshment of mind when remembering that it is considered sound national policy in the present year of grace to welcome the residue of other countries to still further increase their numbers. It will become a formula of statecraft to remedy these defects, when reason obtains an ascendancy over our minds and not a sentimental regard for tradition.

Your obedient servant,  
H. G. HILLS.

#### TEACHERS AND THE WEST RIDING JUDGMENT.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Eastcliff, Teignmouth, Devon, 24 August, 1906.

SIR,—I am sorry to have put "managers" for "local authority" in my letter though, indeed, it is easy to understand the managers paying the extra amount for denominational teaching rather than allowing teachers to suffer. In any case, the point of my letter refers to this possible injustice to teachers and I know the SATURDAY REVIEW is interested in this body of public servants. What a chance Mr. Birrell has lost! Instead of continuing to build upon the 1902 Act as a foundation and, generally speaking, to clear away a certain inevitable confusion engendered by Mr. Forster's Act, as the latter was yearly developed by the successive codes, confusion seems in some respects almost "more confounded". If Mr. Birrell had quietly pegged away at such things as training, registration, technical and trade schools, instead of plunging the country into needless sectarian strife, I am sure that a general sense of justice would have in a year or two righted any grievance which was caused by the 1902 Act.

This country just now wants a real Minister of Education—not a political partisan. Education, like foreign politics, ought never to be the shuttlecock of party.—Believe me, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

A. G. MUNRO.

#### TO BOUCH.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

Adelphi Hotel, Harrogate.

SIR,—Might I point out that the "good Scotch word" bouch, to botch, is a mere corruption of the French boucher—cf. boucher un trou—one more instance of the Anglo-Norman origin of a word that ignorant enthusiasts are pleased to reckon as pure and undefiled Anglo-Saxon?—Yours faithfully,

C. B.

#### CHARING CROSS HOSPITAL.

To the Editor of the SATURDAY REVIEW.

SIR,—The case of Charing Cross Hospital really ought to be considered by those interested in hospital work. It is on the way to be the "shocking example" to show the impossibility of our hospitals struggling on under their present conditions. A short time ago it had 241 beds; it has now only 150, and the suppression is due to the lack of funds; which charity altogether fails in keeping to the requisite level. Another reduction and the hospital would cease to be qualified as a medical school. The decay of such institutions is a public misfortune, but the remedy is not such a plan as that stated in Lord Kilmorey's recent letter to the "Times". He points to the populous district in which the hospital is placed, and says in effect surely a house to house canvass would induce people to part with contributions. The argument should rather run, that such a district ought itself to possess and maintain the hospital.—Yours &c.,

BENEFITED.

#### REVIEWS.

##### SPANISH INTERPRETERS.

"The Cities of Spain." By Edward Hutton. London: Methuen. 1906. 7s. 6d. net.

"Moorish Cities in Spain." By Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley. London: Siegle Hill & Co. 1906. 1s. 6d. net.

TWO books about Spain have come our way; one, "The Cities of Spain", is by Mr. Edward Hutton, a practised and accomplished writer, an amateur in cities; the other, "Moorish Cities in Spain", is by Mrs. Gasquoine Hartley, who has written a painstaking, sincere, and useful book on Spanish painting. The "Moorish Cities" is only a small handbook, but it is done with knowledge and sympathy, and it is done by a true lover of Spain. "The Cities of Spain" is a big book, too big for any single book on the cities of any one country, so that the sometimes astonishing merit of the writing is in danger of falling into a kind of monotony of excellence. It is not a book to read through from end to end, but it is a book to take down and turn over, and read a page here and a page there. It is all felt, there is not a dry word in it; thought comes into it musically, in cadences perhaps at times a little languid, but persuasively, with an engaging frankness. At times things are said as effectually as this, of the mountains around the Escorial: "Only immortal things lost in the shadowless light surround them always where God has annihilated all things in Himself." The book is written, not compiled; it is no guide-book but the journal of a soul's adventure; it weighs pictures and mountains and cities in the balance of the profit and loss to that soul. Only such a book is quite worth having, among the many kinds of records of travel. It matters little enough what you have seen; but it matters greatly who it is that has set himself the task of seeing.

When one cares so much for the sun as Mr. Hutton does, it must be an enchantment to go to Spain. And the whole of his "Cities of Spain" is a record of that enchantment. We see the artist, whose colour-prints have done their best to spoil the book, toiling in vain after this painter in words, who can render heat with so much joy and the desert with an actual hankering after it. In some of the pictures you get the glare; but it is harsh, unkindly, a menace to the traveller. Mr. Hutton lures you to a Spain where you can be in the midst of heat and loneliness, and, if you are at all like him, supremely happy.

It is by the sense of happiness which he conveys that this traveller on his "Sentimental Journey" persuades us to listen to him, whether he is telling us about churches or bull-fights or a thin white street in Cordova. There is nothing Spanish which he does not defend, even if he does not quite like it: the bull-fight, for example, in whose name he reads us a very pretty lesson on our humanity in this sporting country of ours. And it is not the facile enthusiasm of the sight-seer to whom all sights are welcome, so long as they are different from one another; it is a love for Spain and Spanish things, a little strange perhaps in one who has cared so much for Italy, but without which no one can ever see Spain. There are countries it is possible to get well acquainted with, to do justice to indeed, without passion; but not Spain. One knows people who have been in Spain, and who hate it. One has even met people who have been in Spain and who disliked the Spaniards. But no one can go there and be indifferent; no one could live there, as he could live in France, not caring very much whether he liked either the place or the people. Spain is definite. The place and the people, for all their sternness, their proud reticence, make demands upon you; the outlines, in place and people, are so hard; life there is such a real thing. In Spain people live with ardour. All the priests and all the dancers whom we knew in Spain, and we knew chiefly priests and dancers, had in them something definitely human, and were all honestly glad to be alive. The monk in Seville who picked oranges for us in the convent garden and the dancer in Malaga who sipped manzanilla out of tiny glasses at the Chinatas had both the same undisguised way of living in the moment,

with a child's devotion in it. In their company one forgot that one had worried about yesterday's things and would worry about them again to-morrow.

Of all these possibilities of happiness in Spain Mr. Hutton is very conscious, and of the discomforts, which are only in unessential things, he rightly says little. Spaniards have no sense of time; but we make time a tyrant over us. They are unbusinesslike; but what are we, when we have done being men of business? They take God and man more seriously than we do in many ways, if they have not yet learned that animals are not Christians, because they are older than Christianity. But what miracles await the traveller in Spain, and how easy it is still to enjoy them as if among friends. Cordova will never be spoilt, Toledo will never be spoilt. Civilisation in Spain has ruined less than in most countries; there is a good racial opposition to modern progress. The Spaniards are ready enough to snatch from modern progress its gewgaws, the toy electricity; they love electricity as savages would love it. But the electric light has not yet turned the patio into a drawing-room.

Of Spanish art Mr. Hutton has much to say, and what he says is always well considered and sometimes singularly happy. He can still write about Velasquez, and not seem to be an echo; he can write about the most extravagant of painters, El Greco, without extravagance. But you would not realise from his book that Spain had once and still has a literature; you will not realise from his book that "The Origin of Species" is one of the most popular books in the country, and that people who are just learning to read begin by reading Anarchist tracts. Spanish literature is coming to be a little known over here: we have a scrupulous and accurate historian, Mr. Fitzmaurice Kelly, who has taught us much, and we have the most brilliant espada now in our arena, Mr. Cunninghame Graham, who has tossed us sundry scraps of the best knowledge, and Mrs. Cunninghame Graham has interpreted to us the two great lyric minds of Spain, S. Teresa and S. John of the Cross, and Coventry Patmore has pointed out to us one of the most accomplished novelists of our time, Juan Valera. But how much more there is still for us to learn about this literature which has done almost everything, in one age or another, and from which alone we can hope to learn the deeper secrets of the Spanish mind and character. Will not someone follow up Mr. Hutton's subtle and sensitive studies of the outer part of Spain, of its aspects, its visible moods, with a study not less minute and penetrating of the inner part of Spain, its moods of mind, its aspects of temperament? That, certainly, remains to be done, and we are not without hope that a lover of Spain who is at once a man of science and a man of letters will before long give us such a study.

#### A CIVILIAN AT SEA.

"Heresies of Sea-Power." By F. T. Jane. London: Longmans. 1906. 12s. 6d. net.

IT is a fresh experience to take up a book which preaches a doctrine of hatred on the ground that a "living personal hatred" is a most valuable fighting asset, and this is all that can be said in favour of these "Heresies of Sea-Power". Mr. Jane quotes Nelson to support his curious theory and declares that a crude desire to kill Russians contributed materially to the success of Japanese arms in the late war. It is unfortunate for his argument that Nelson should have been so consistently chivalrous to opponents and that the Japanese seem to have been anxious to spare and save life whenever killing served no useful purpose. This attempt to connect blood lust with victory shows how difficult it may be for a civilian to understand the peculiar sympathy which exists between fighting men of different nations. "I am going I hope and trust to join Nelson", said Gravina on his deathbed, and from what we know of Nelson he was probably the first to greet his old enemy in the Halls of Valhalla.

It has taken Mr. Jane a whole decade to write "Heresies of Sea-Power", and he asks those whose first attitude may be one of hostile criticism to read it to the

end before forming a definite opinion as to the thesis advanced. Well, after wading through his book to the very end, we find the "new theory that in every war almost the only solid fact common to all is that the fittest to win were the eventual victors", also that "it is probable fitness to win embodies little else besides the fixed desire to kill the enemy" and finally that in attempting to define fitness to win, Mr. Jane feels "like one groping for a fact in the darkness". Has it never struck him that the vanquished may have been sometimes inspired with a "single-hearted desire to destroy the enemy" and that it may have been this single-hearted desire which prompted the Russians to elect to fight on dry land in the Crimea, a choice which he thinks was a mistake and a principal cause of their defeat? If a mere taking the offensive be evidence of a desire to kill the enemy, how was it the Syracusan expedition 414 B.C. mentioned in this book turned out a failure? Groping in the darkness, we think one fact is discernible, namely that Captain Mahan never claimed that "a naval force sufficient to defeat any naval force of the enemy" was "the sole cause that such and such a nation beat another in a war involving maritime interests". Mr. Jane has defined sea-power to mean "a naval force sufficient &c.", but there is nothing in "The Influence of Sea-power on History" to justify such a definition. Mr. Jane's heresies are based on the assumption that sea-power and navy are convertible terms and this misunderstanding has led him to show a marked preference for battles of the days of the oar. He argues that ancient and modern navies have one feature in common, independence of wind, and then he comes to the conclusion that wars waged by the ancients more closely resemble modern ones than those of the middle period when sail was the supreme motive-power. But the resemblance of one war to another lies mainly in its nature; had he turned to Admiral Colomb's "Naval Warfare" he would have found before reading many lines, that though there were sea-fights in very early times, sea-fights do not of themselves constitute naval warfare, and that a considerable period had to elapse after the oar ceased to be the chief motive-power before the sea came to be regarded as anything more than a common highway for nations making war upon one another. Of course it would be absurd to suppose that this view of the matter excludes the theory that sea-power had an influence on history even when oars were the principal means of propulsion, for power is a relative term and an unconscious or mistaken use of power must leave some impression on history, indeed most of our lessons are drawn not from the successful application of power but from its misuse or non-use.

Mr. Jane draws attention to Ægospotami to discredit the "dogma of sea-power". What are the facts? At Ægospotami the Athenian ships, left by their crews who had gone off foraging, were destroyed by the "Peloponnesians" who rowed across the Hellespont and caught their enemies ashore. Mr. Jane puts the matter in this way: "Lysander had a large fleet but sea-power was in no way his. All that a superior navy could confer belonged to Athens—better ships and better sailors, and it gave her Ægospotami"! Ægospotami can scarcely be classed as a sea-fight even by courtesy, but admitting the example to have been the result of an expedition over sea and putting aside questions of strategy, what can be more evident than that in this case Athenian power upon the sea was conspicuous by its absence and that Lysander was perfectly aware of the fact when he made his attack?

Mr. Jane starts his discussion of "eternal principles" by asking "What is the dividing line if any between strategy and tactics?" and characterises "as strategical moves everything that takes place before the hostile squadrons sight each other, as tactical operations all that they do when within sighting distance", thus pre-supposing a dividing line whose existence he questions. He then imagines strategical area merged in tactical area by the arrival of a potential weapon with so great a radius "that motive power will become entirely superfluous", and asks whether given such circumstances it can be said that the great principles of strategy remain eternal. Now no one in his senses could suppose that strategy and tactics can be isolated



in water-tight compartments; but where is his logic? Granting his premises, we are as much entitled to imagine a strategical area expanded to infinity and then ask "Is it certain that this potential weapon will be effective throughout space?" He might have saved himself from much confusion of thought had he consulted any elementary text-book for definitions of strategy and tactics. Pursuing his inquiries he would have thus learnt the conditions required to prepare success in a battle; if he had done this, there would have been nothing to write about for he would have found the elements of "Fitness to win".

Let us return once more to his book and observe how he overcomes inconvenient facts. He has made frequent appeal to luck, by luck let him be judged. Being anxious to demonstrate the possible advantages of a "guerre-de-course", he finds it was "bad luck" that the "Huascar's torpedo did not run truly. Why? Because by missing the mark it spoilt the point he wished to score on behalf of the guerre-de-course. "It was Japan's luck rather than aught else which saved her fleet from being torpedoed after Round Island." Why? Because the Japanese fleet ought to have been sunk to satisfy his exaggerated notions about the value of the torpedo. "The 'Hatsuse' struck by one mine kept afloat (it was pure chance that another struck and caused her to sink)." Why chance? Because he wants to believe she was more likely to survive than the smaller "Yashima": but it must have been just as much chance, so far as we can tell, that she struck the first one and survived.

Amongst the plates may be noticed one of a vessel displaying two banners, *semée* of fleur-de-lys; she is crowded with men in fifteenth-century armour and is marked down "Ship of William the Conqueror". Our curiosity is further excited by a ship which belongs to the seventeenth century, to judge by her build, rig and flags and the signature of Vandervelde to the picture. She is labelled "The Royal Sovereign": Can this be Pepys' "Sovereign Royall"? If so, what is she doing alongside a discourse on the merits of a "Royal Sovereign" completed in 1864? To expose the fallacies, inaccuracies and contradictions dignified by the name of "paradoxes" which make up these heresies would necessitate a counterblast as lengthy as the book which contains them, but they speak for themselves.

#### THE RELIGION OF ANCIENT ROME.

"The Religion of Numa: and Other Essays on the Religion of Ancient Rome." By Jesse Benedict Carter. London: Macmillan. 1906. 3s. 6d. net.

"Studies in Roman History." By E. G. Hardy. London: Sonnenschein. 1906. 6s.

THE religious views of the ancient Romans used to be considered, not so very long ago, as providing a series of insoluble puzzles, varied by some amusing stories. The incidents of the man who would on no account render up his suppliant to the pursuer, but who had no objection to giving information to a third person, with the certain knowledge of what the consequences would be—or of the prisoner in Hannibal's camp who pretended that he had forgotten something and went back to fetch it, thereby enabling himself to say that he had returned, and, as he hoped, to be excused from a more unpleasant return at a later date when his mission had failed, these and others like them have often relieved the tedium of serious historical study. If we felt obliged to attempt any explanation of such conscientious scruples, we generally took refuge in the consideration, true enough in its place but somewhat jejune, that the legal element was developed to an abnormal extent in the minds of the ancient Romans. We have often been told, it is true, that we know very little of Roman religion except in the time of its decay: we have always believed that it may have been more rational, possibly even edifying at an earlier date. Roman religion, like everything else, must have had a

history. But it is only comparatively recently that serious attempts have been made, in works which are accessible to the ordinary man, to show what that history was.

In "The Religion of Numa" Mr. J. B. Carter has given us a readable sketch of that history, based on the recent critical work which has pieced together many isolated indications and filled numerous gaps by illuminating conjecture. It is notoriously hard to select a good title, and it may be doubted whether the titles of the first and third of Mr. Carter's five essays on Roman religion—"The Religion of Numa" and "The Coming of the Sibyl", respectively—are not the weakest point in his book. They suggest an uncritical attitude which is nowhere to be found in the body of the work. The author's desire may have been to imply that his essays are meant for the general reader; and there is no doubt that the general reader, who may have found even Mr. Warde Fowler's "Roman Calendar" stiff reading, will be able to read them with interest, but the student will also gain useful references to the writings of Wissowa and others through the full and instructive index. It is true that brevity and popular treatment have their disadvantages. It is unfortunate that Mithraism should appear to be classed among orgiastic cults, and that the development of Roman religion should be treated as ending with the death of Augustus. It would have been well if a sixth essay could have sketched the Roman world as we find it in the second century. Mr. Carter may say truly that the religion of the Roman world at that epoch has very little to do with ancient Rome: yet that strange mixture of cosmopolitan cults and eclectic philosophies, which contrived to inspire feelings of real piety, was the religion of the Roman Empire, if not of Rome herself, at the time when the gradual spread of Christianity invests religious problems with a new interest, and when Roman administration was, at least from a material point of view, more successful than at any other epoch. The religious revival, of which Boissier has treated with so much sympathy, still requires elucidation, in spite of the work which has been done on Plutarch, on Apuleius, and on the further stages reached in the third and fourth centuries. It is to be hoped that Mr. Carter, with his gift of clear exposition, and his feeling for historical continuity, may continue his work and connect the Roman world which opposed Christianity with those earlier religious ideas which must have contributed something at least towards it.

The details of the opposition between Rome and Christianity have often been described, but there are many points about which no general agreement has yet been reached, and it is from this point of view that the collection and republication of Dr. Hardy's eminently sane and judicious "Studies in Roman History" will be most widely welcomed. It is true that Dr. Hardy does not confine himself to religious topics. His volume includes two studies on the organisation and movements of the Roman legions, a discussion of a Bodleian MS. of Pliny's Letters to Trajan, a specimen of careful literary criticism in an inquiry into the well-known problems presented by the literary coincidences between Tacitus, Plutarch and Suetonius in their accounts of the year 69 A.D., and a constitutional examination of the terms "imperium consulare" and "proconsulare", as applied to the principate. For reasons mentioned in his Preface, with which all will sympathise, Dr. Hardy has been unable to carry out a systematic revision of his essays. The result is that we sometimes find ourselves wondering what the author's opinion would be about more recent contributions to the same subjects; but we never find ourselves regretting any small blemishes or inaccuracies. The work is always accurate and reliable. It will be a great convenience to many students to have these essays collected and rendered so accessible. But the larger part of the volume is occupied with topics which bring it into connexion with the subject of "The Religion of Numa". One paper, perhaps the most important of all, discusses the Roman Concilia and their relation to the organisation of the Imperial system of worship. This article, originally printed in the "English Historical Review", has long been recognised as containing a valuable collection

of facts and references. Ten out of the sixteen essays treat of the attitude of the Roman government towards Christianity during the first two centuries. It would be unreasonable to expect every reader to agree with all their conclusions; here it must suffice to say that their tone is admirable, and that the writer does his best to set out the particulars fairly and fully. The ground to be covered is large, and the literature of the subject is immense. The general principles have first to be established on which the Roman government acted in relation to non-Roman religions. Dr. Hardy's chapters on this subject may profitably be compared with part of Mr. Carter's work. Then there is the value of the Christian evidence to be assessed. The specialist will probably agree with Dr. Hardy that many of Professor Ramsay's arguments under this head have to be set aside as over-subtle; though he may very likely wish to make more of some other considerations derived from Christian sources than Dr. Hardy makes. Thirdly, to name only the most general points, the details of the story have to be tested at each stage: under Nero, Domitian, Trajan, and the rest. To deal with the whole subject satisfactorily, qualifications are needed with which not even Ramsay or Mommsen can comply. In this volume the student can find materials for his own work: the author writes with less obvious prepossessions than almost all who have attempted to deal with the matter, and if, as seems likely, the best hope of progress in regard to the many difficulties connected with it lies in the co-operation of many minds and the gradual correction of prejudice by mutual help, these essays form the best starting point for future effort.

#### ACHEH AND ADAT.

"The Achehnese." By Dr. C. Snouck Hurgronje. Translated by the late A. W. S. O'Sullivan. 2 vols. London: Luzac and Co. 1906. 32s.

THE pacification of Acheh, commonly called Achin, has been a long and costly enterprise to the Dutch; indeed rumours have been current in the Far East that the military of the Netherlands India Government have, of set purpose, been in no hurry to quell the risings that have been chronic in Northern Sumatra for many decades. Admiration has often been expressed for the patriotism and bravery of the "rebels" who have maintained their independence against Dutch "aggression." However this may be, no European Power could permit an independent and inimical native state in one part of an island of which that Power controlled the remainder, and so the days of Achehnese independence are numbered. It is only fair to the Netherlands Government that its difficulties should be recounted and its view of the question be stated, as there has been much misrepresentation of the matter in Europe and elsewhere. Eight centuries ago a Mohammedan state arose in Acheh which attained to great power early in the sixteenth century and entered into political and commercial relations with various foreign powers from Europe to Japan. After the death of the last Sultan, the Netherlands India Government came forward as his successor and claimed the allegiance of the chiefs of the dependent kingdoms. Many chiefs of Achehnese coast dependencies formally gave in their submission, but this was not the case with most of the chiefs of the interior. Guerilla warfare ensued. After encountering great difficulties and hardships the Dutch troops have almost completed the reduction of these petty potentates. All the former kingdom of Acheh, with the dependencies connected with it, is now subject to Dutch rule; all the districts are administered by hereditary chiefs under the constant supervision of Dutch civil servants and officials, and the military force is engaged in hunting down and reducing to impotence the last elements of disorder—the irreconcilable fanatics and the incorrigible plunderers—in their own selected hiding places.

It is more than probable that Acheh, like other countries of the Indian Archipelago, was Mohammedanised from Hindostan, and undoubtedly Hinduism

exercised for a considerable time a direct or indirect influence on the language and civilisation of Acheh, but it is not certain whether much Hindu blood flows in the veins of the Achehnese. Influences from Nias, the Batak and other sources have affected the Achehnese, but these are mainly to be found among the coast population. At present very little is definitely known as to the origin and racial affinities of the Achehnese proper.

There is a general uniformity in the stage of culture which most of the inhabitants of the East Indian Archipelago who live in villages have reached. The nomadic jungle-folk neither cultivate the soil nor build permanent habitations and consequently cannot advance far in civilisation; but the agriculturists who live in village settlements have progressed some distance in material culture and have more opportunity of elaborating the courteous manners of which the germs are distinguishable in their wandering neighbours. The jungle-folk are beset with rules of conduct not only as regards their fellows but in their daily avocations and even in relation to jungle produce. This adat, as it is termed, is enlarged with the complications of life, and regulates the whole of existence. Every traveller who comes into personal contact with the natives of this region and every Government official is continually being hampered and thwarted by irritating customs, concerning which, whenever he raises an objection, comes the universal reply—"adat". These unwritten rules of conduct which regulate journeying, house-building, seed-time and harvest, daily intercourse, and the serious events of life, are imperative. The European who comes into contact only superficially with the native community is too apt to think that the adat is an almost unchangeable factor in their lives, as it is invested on every side with religious veneration. In contrast to the changeableness of the individual, the adat presents itself as something abiding and incontrovertible, with which the individual may not meddle; yet the adat changes like all other worldly things with every successive generation. Owing to outside influences the Achehnese have, in addition to adat, Mohammedan law and the written edicts of certain kings, but the latter are practically unobserved and indeed are unknown to but a few, whereas the customary or adat laws are observed by everyone and every village headman has them at his fingers' ends, and yet of all these living laws there is not a single written record. The Achehnese are very particular in regarding themselves as Mohammedans and ignorantly believe that they live according to the precepts of Islam; in these matters the Netherlands India Government has to go very warily. Those who sowed in the Far East the first seeds of Islam were no zealots prepared to sacrifice all for the holy cause, nor were they missionaries supported by funds raised in their native land. On the contrary they came to seek their own worldly advantage and the work of conversion was merely a secondary task, and this process is still taking place in other islands. The new religion was felt not as a yoke imposed by a higher power but as a revealed truth which the strangers brought from beyond the sea, the knowledge of which at once gave its adherents a share in a higher civilisation and elevated them to a higher position. The modified form of Islamism that reached Sumatra has been further attenuated and with easy tolerance has come to embrace a great variety of indigenous customs or beliefs.

Dr. Hurgronje in his book on the Achehnese discusses these problems with full knowledge in a dispassionate manner, and though the text applies to Sumatra, the sermon, so to speak, carries many lessons to our own administrators in the East. Besides dealing at length with Achehnese religion and law, the author describes marriage and other domestic customs at considerable length and has much valuable information concerning various forms of magic, games and pastimes, and native literature. The book can be heartily commended alike to students of ethnology and to practical administrators.



## MILITARY MORALISINGS: WITH NO MORAL.

"Fontenoy." By Francis Henry Skrine. With an introduction by Field-Marshal Earl Roberts. London: Blackwood. 1906. 21s. net.

ROUND the story of Fontenoy Mr. Skrine has managed to weave the tale of "the '45", a history of many regiments and celebrated British commanders, some account of distinguished French corps, and notices of the most eminent generals and statesmen who opposed us during the wars of the Spanish Succession. His book is therefore somewhat discursive, and will be valuable rather as a work of reference than as literature. The following sentence from the preface will give a good example of Mr. Skrine's style. "European society had thrown off the mediæval crust; formalism prevailed in religion, manners, language, and dress. But the leaven was working actively which long afterwards produced the French Revolution." To assist in launching a craft, the defects of which with very commendable modesty the author recognises, an introduction by Earl Roberts is added. Herein, after a perhaps brutally frank admission that the criticism as to strategical and tactical problems should be disarmed by the frank admission of the author in his preface, Lord Roberts tells us that "the political issues raised are of wider importance. They are not stated explicitly in the text—for history is one thing, and speculation quite another—but he who runs may read the morals drawn in these pages". After reading the very enigmatical sentences drawn attention to above, we really felt in grave doubt as to what benefit we might hope to derive from the pages before us. We were clearly not to hope for lessons in strategy and tactics. Political issues were not stated. Speculation was out of place, and yet we found ourselves speculating as to whether the morals to be drawn readily were connected with the science of war, or with politics, or with the manners of that army which we remembered had been in the habit of swearing terribly in Flanders. Yet we are expected to draw valuable lessons for we are told that "to exhume a dead and buried past is sheer waste of time if it be forced to yield lessons of value to the present generation". It would certainly be difficult to force a corpse to do anything, but it was evident that some lessons or other were to be derived from this book in spite of what had been said, and so we started out to find them. It then appeared that it was to be made a peg on which to hang warnings for our future guidance. There are dark, stormy days ahead for us now as there were one hundred and fifty years ago, and the struggles of a century and a half ago may be revived. "In times so critical England is still wrapped up in lethargy". It seems we are about to undergo an evolution which brought Holland to so low an ebb in the eighteenth century." The metaphors were a bit mixed but we now saw light. The book had a purpose. "The Jacobite invasion of 1745 should serve as a warning to those who would whittle our army down to the strength required for defending naval bases." As the evening papers have pointed out with delight, it is stated that "this work is a trumpet-call to Englishmen", and so on. Well we have carefully read the work, and we have finished it without any trumpet-calls buzzing in our ears. In fact it is a laborious compilation showing considerable ability and industry, but it is not epoch-making, and we do not think "the great heart of the people" will beat any faster if it is supplied to all the libraries Mr. Carnegie may have presented to them. Why it should have been exploited by Lord Roberts is difficult to say. The lessons are negative throughout. In fact there is none except how not to do it so far as Englishmen are concerned, and we can only feel pride when we read of the British soldier. Brave and stolid he has ever been, and we hope will ever be. But our failures were due not so much to want of men as to want of brains on the part of those that led our armies to the want of trained officers, to the absence of a Marlborough or Wellington who would have known how to manage our vacillating allies. In fact in the middle of the eighteenth century

we did exactly the same stupid things as we have often, or even usually, done in war. We were beaten at Fontenoy because the plan of attack was ill conceived and ill carried out. We lost a vast number of brave men because we exposed them to destructive fire in dense formations, just as we did the other day at Magersfontein and Colenso. The terror of invasion is not to be conjured up by stories of "the '45", for in fact the experiences of that campaign show how utterly the scheme of invasion miscarried, and may with far greater force be quoted by those who would rely for the safety of our shores on a powerful navy, while the regular army might fight abroad as it did in the Low Countries during the period under discussion. We do want universal service, but we want it not only for home defence. We need to hold the Empire, not England.

We must notice some errors, smaller certainly but more gratuitous. On p. 5 we read that the French aristocracy, as indeed is true, found scope for their energies in the army and the fleet. On p. 6 however we are told that "a soldier's career was their only resource". Then we are led through a very interesting account of the standard of height for men in the various corps which composed the army of those days, of their equipment and uniforms, and of the operations which preceded Fontenoy itself. There is a want of proportion about the narrative. Much space is given to the details we have referred to and comparatively none to criticism of the tactics of the battle or to the lessons to be learnt from it. Marshal Saxe is very justly praised for his choice of position, but surely it is unnecessary to tell us that "if the ridge in front of Mont St. Jean had been defended by redoubts our losses at Waterloo would have been insignificant". Certainly they would, for probably Waterloo would in that case never have been fought at all. Napoleon was not Cumberland. But redoubts such as figured at Fontenoy could not have been constructed at Waterloo, because the British only reached their position on the night of the 17th, and were not left to dig themselves in as the French were seventy years before. While on the subject of these redoubts it may be pointed out also that on p. 154 we are told that the walls of Fontenoy "were cut through with the pickaxe, bringing down the roofs, and cannon were mounted on the heaps of rubbish thus formed"; yet a few pages on we learn that "Fontenoy's humble spire and cluster of cottages remain intact". "May our country have defenders as staunch in the time of stress which is surely approaching" is a pious aspiration no doubt, but it is not scientific military or political history, and it will not frighten anybody.

## THE REAL WITNESS OF S. PAUL.

"The Testimony of S. Paul to Christ." By R. J. Knowling. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 10s. 6d. net.

THERE are three main classes into which historical witnesses may be divided: those who deliberately set themselves to record an event; those who, whilst speaking about other things, make incidental references to it; and those whose whole life manifestly testifies to a belief which is too big for any less adequate expression. Historical criticism has long ago realised the importance of incidental and accidental witness: it is perhaps rather slow to give full credit to the testimony of life and character. Yet any consideration of historical evidence of the life of Christ and the institution of the Christian Church cannot ignore this most important class of witness. The Gospels, it is true, have been increasingly re-established by modern critics, their earlier date verified, their common and particular strains of tradition separated and arranged; so that on the side of the direct witness the Christian position is stronger than ever. Similarly the incidental references to the life of Christ (as in S. Peter's speeches in the early chapters of the Acts) have been given proper weight: but no one can examine either of these classes of evidence for very long without feeling that ultimately what carries conviction now is.

what carried conviction then—not merely the facts alleged and the grounds on which they are alleged, but the kind of life lived by those who believe in them.

This point of view is concentrated in the case of S. Paul. It is of course true, as Dr. Knowling points out in the first series of lectures in the present volume, that much of the interest of S. Paul lies in the fact that the central group of his epistles is nowadays acknowledged by every sane critic to be both early and authentic, so that here we have without doubt the earliest written testimony to Christ. It is also fair to remember that no single man (as far as we can judge) had such good opportunities as S. Paul for knowing what was the Christian tradition—and that not only as held by the original Apostles in Judæa, but as translated into the thoughts and lives of Asians, Greeks, and Romans. Yet, when one remembers that S. Paul had never lived with Christ or known him in the same way as the other Apostles, and when one contrasts (as far as one can) his strict and unimaginative Rabbinical training with the mystical enthusiasm of his Christian writings, or his "exceeding zeal for the traditions of his fathers" with his utter self-devotion, "whether living or dying, to be Christ's"—one asks with amazement, What can have caused this? S. Paul's own answer to this question would have been to repeat the story of his conversion. That event gives the key to his whole life and witness. It explains this sense of "sweet familiarity" with Christ which appears again in such experiences as those of the trance in Acts xxii. 17, the dream in Acts xxiii. 11, or the "angel of God" in Acts xxvii. 23. It also explains why the historical events of Christ's life on earth seemed (if indeed they did seem) comparatively unimportant. Taking each of the Epistles in turn, in the second course of these lectures, Dr. Knowling cannot do more than make it probable that S. Paul was acquainted with a good many such facts, although he does not record them: even so, the argument is throughout highly hypothetical. S. Paul, one may say, had an essentially philosophical mind: facts were to him principles: and consequently, those facts that most obviously carried with them great ethical and religious principles overshadowed all others. The fact of the Crucifixion and the fact of the Resurrection were of this kind. Whether he is speaking of justification to the Romans, or of reconciliation to the Corinthians, or of adoption to the Galatians, or of future life to the Thessalonians, the thought is always built up upon these two facts. And from them again flow quite directly Christian ethics, the theory of the Church, and even practical matters of discipline and organisation.

If one were to criticise Dr. Knowling's book, it would not be for lack of learning, but for lack of proportion. S. Paul's greatest testimony to Christ consists not in those isolated passages where he records the institution of the Holy Eucharist (I. Cor. xi. 23), or the appearances after the Resurrection (I. Cor. xv. 3), or speaks of the poverty (II. Cor. viii. 9), the humility (Phil. ii. 5), or the "meekness and gentleness" (II. Cor. x. 1) of Christ: nor even in the constant references to the cross and Resurrection: but in the intense strain of "mysticism based on facts" that colours his whole thought and life. This central witness is given in such a passage as Gal. ii. 20—"I have been crucified with Christ; yet I live: and yet no longer I, but Christ liveth in me: and that life which I now live in the flesh I live in faith, the faith which is in the Son of God, who loved me, and gave himself up for me." It is no doubt essential to follow the German and Dutch critics on to their own ground, and show the weakness of the arguments by which they have at one time or another denied the authenticity of most of the canonical epistles of S. Paul. This part of his work Dr. Knowling does in masterly fashion, and provides a theological case-book which will be of the greatest value to real students of the subject. But the very dryness and disjointedness which this method gives to the book, cannot but be repellent to the ordinary reader: and he will feel that, after all, the real meaning and worth of S. Paul's testimony to Christ has hardly been touched upon. For it is not a textual matter: it is hardly even an historical matter. Rather, it involves a crucial case of Christian psychology, and demands the consideration of that vital

connexion between belief and life, creed and conduct, which the modern world finds it so hard to credit. A right understanding of S. Paul's testimony to Christ would carry with it, one might almost say, an entirely new insight into the meaning and claims of Christianity. It is perhaps too much to expect an adequate treatment of so vast a subject in three courses of lectures such as those which Dr. Knowling has put together in the present volume—lectures which obviously contain the accumulated materials of a specialised study of one aspect of the question: but the impression remains that in all these five hundred pages the real essence of the problem is hardly touched upon.

#### NOVELS.

"The Field of Glory." By Henry Sienkiewicz. London: Lane. 1906. 6s.

We cannot altogether concur in the eulogy of this historical novel offered in the "Publisher's Preface", or admit that appreciation of its merits depends on knowledge of seventeenth-century Poland. Great events play a small part in the story, though this is to some extent concerned with the preliminaries of John Sobieski's famous campaign against the Turks. The book ends abruptly on the eve of the March to Vienna, and the story of the leading characters is only half told. But it is a strange interesting world of which we are given a glimpse, and, even though the lovers seem a pale reflection of those of "The Bride of Lammermoor", there is plenty of incident, and the half-barbarous conditions of political and social life are vividly represented. The comic relief afforded by four boisterous brothers is a little crude, but there is an excellent parish priest, who had been a soldier and retained the spirit of the Crusaders. The anarchy which soon wrecked Poland is crystallised for a moment into national enthusiasm, but the reader is prevented by the chaos of family feuds from realising the larger issues. The translation runs easily.

"Karl Grier: the Strange History of a Man with a Sixth Sense." By Louis Tracy. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 6s.

Karl Grier has not only all the advantages physical and mental that a young man can desire, but he possesses the power of projecting his consciousness into any part of the world according to his wish. He is also mesmeric—is nicknamed the Magnet by the ladies of London society—and can force other people to see the distant visions to which his eyes are opened. We do not find much to please us in such stories. The public however demands wonders, and is content to swallow them without asking any explanation, and it is therefore tiresome and annoying when authors will insist upon seeming to account for their miracles by a use of scientific jargon. Mr. Tracy's hero "presented an unrecorded phase of hypertrophy of the brain", the unnatural growth being "permitted by the occasional bursting of a distended membrane". Of course every novel-reader knows that such happenings would have extraordinary results. Twice his marvellous knowledge almost costs Karl his life; it drives one villain to suicide and the other to stand on his head in a large and fashionable restaurant. That same villain, too, subsequently makes a murderous attack upon Karl, which by fracturing his skull and causing a lesion of the middle and lower lobes of the brain renders his future life perfectly normal by knocking "the sixth sense" out of him.

"Of Mistress Eve: a Tale of the Southern Border." By Howard Pease. London: Constable. 1906. 6s.

Mr. Pease can tell a story with spirit, knows much about the Commonwealth and Restoration periods, and is full of lore concerning the Northern counties. Thus his new book may be taken as a good example of the historical novel. But the disadvantages of a narrative told in the first person are obvious here, for Mr. Oswald Bellasis, who writes of his cousin Eve Heron, is a

(Continued on page 276.)



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married man and excluded from the rôle of jeune premier. His purely cousinly affection for the heroine sends him into varied adventures, but Mistress Eve's fortunes are linked with those of a wooer who is almost a lay figure. Moreover, the amiable wife of Mr. Bellasis is kept so severely in the background (though her own love-story apparently engaged Mr. Pease's pen in a former volume) while her husband plays the knight-errant for somewhat inadequate reasons, that it is not easy to get the family circle into the right perspective. The novel is distinguished by a careful portrait of Lady Anne Clifford, an important figure in seventeenth-century Westmoreland, and by a sound appreciation of the lengths to which Puritan fanaticism carried the godly. But the author's depreciation of Durham Cathedral in comparison with Carlisle will surely commend itself to few who have, without the bias of local patriotism, studied the two buildings.

**"The Ha'penny Millionaire."** By George Sunbury. London: Methuen. 1906. 3s. 6d.

Mr. Sunbury was in a holiday humour when he invented his ha'penny millionaire. An elderly bank porter who finds himself released from duty with a pension of three pounds a week and fifty pounds in cash, and is advised by his former master "to see life and take a wife", is promising material. The reader who accompanies Mr. Melia to Sandport in search of adventures and a bride will thoroughly enjoy himself. He will make acquaintance with the minstrel, a personage even more diverting than Mr. Melia, who takes the ex-porter for a millionaire—and, indeed, Mr. Melia had earned the title of "the Copper King" by his generous patronage of the artists of the beach—and assists him in his quest. The talk of the minstrel and his friends—pierrots, showmen and so forth, is excellent: it is, to borrow a phrase from the minstrel's patter, "straight from the main". Mr. Melia's wondrous simplicity foiled those who would prey upon his millions. How can you beguile a man who declines, for fear of catching cold, to wade through six inches of salt water in order to rescue a lady desirous of enthralling him, and who gravely proposes to play at cards with nuts for points? The story is void of offence and full of amusement. Take it with you to "Sandport, the sunny Elysium": you will not regret your choice.

**"The Burglars' Club."** By Henry A. Hering. London: Cassell. 1906. 3s. 6d.

This club consists of various members of the aristocracy "who have pretty well exhausted the pleasures of life", and who seek excitement in criminal exploits. The entrance-fee of the club is a London burglary, and the subscription a provincial enterprise of a similar kind, the objects purloined being honourably returned to their owners after being exhibited at the club meeting. The stories are all frankly absurd and improbable even within the wide range of this kind of fiction, and with the exception of a certain amount of ingenuity, there is nothing in them to recommend.

**"Little Stories of Married Life."** By Mary Stewart Cutting. London: Hodder and Stoughton. 1906. 3s. 6d.

These little studies of American suburban life have a singular charm, and are quite engrossing, though they treat of very simple matters of domestic interest. Mrs. Cutting (we presume the author is a matron, judging from her acquaintance with the ways of children and of married folk) writes very pleasantly and with genuine feeling; she is inclined perhaps to indulge in sentiment and "prettiness" but she has real intelligence, sensitivity, and a gentle sense of humour.

#### NEW BOOKS AND REPRINTS.

**"La Revolution Française et les Poètes Anglais."** Par Charles Cestre. Paris: Hachette. 1906. 7.50 fr.

M. Cestre shows an extraordinary knowledge of his subject. We doubt if any Englishman living possesses so profound an acquaintance with the literary history of this period and at the

same time is so deeply read in all that was written by our own poets during the last ten years of the eighteenth and the first twenty of the nineteenth centuries. Certainly no literary course involving this portion of history will be anything like complete without a study of this volume. M. Cestre very truly points out that English criticism has quite unjustifiably minimised the influence of the French Revolution upon our literature at a time when the national genius of the two countries seemed hopelessly at variance. He does not include in this volume either forerunners of the Revolution like Cowper or revolutionaries of the second generation like Byron and Shelley. He confines his study within manageable dimensions to the epoch itself. We observe that he does not omit Canning and the other writers of the anti-Jacobin, so the book is in every way complete as a monograph. The thesis which he proposes to establish may seem disputable but deserves attention; it is that the "revolutionary faith" was not necessarily bound up with the success or non-success of the particular struggle in France but was a great moral force which could not perish under the ruin brought about in France owing to its own excess of zeal but went on conquering and to conquer in other lands and by other means. So far as England is concerned we feel quite sure that the Revolution delayed many necessary reforms for thirty years. Its excesses impressed the ordinary Englishman so deeply that he resisted the most obviously desirable changes. Surely M. Cestre contradicts his own theory for he tells us truly enough that the English poets who had had their imaginations warmed in early days by the enthusiasm of humanity were shocked and disconcerted by the turn of affairs in France and followed the guidance of Burke who directed men's views towards social realities. In fact, though M. Cestre does not put it so, they became Whigs instead of Jacobins. This may be true to a large extent but it does not show that the force which moulded the later ideas of Wordsworth and Coleridge was the French Revolution, it shows rather that they were influenced by aversion from it and all its theories. However this may be, we highly commend the book to all students of literature.

**"La Religion Nouvelle."** Par Eugène Tavernier. Paris: Lethiel-leux. 3.50 fr.

In "La Religion nouvelle" M. Tavernier recounts at length the story of the struggle between the State and the Church in France, the disestablishment and penalisation of Christianity and the establishment and endowment of secularism. And a dreary story it is; of oppression, spoliation ("liquidation" is the official term), persecution, of insincere promises, broken pledges, power unfairly obtained and ruthlessly exercised; this on the one side, and on the other useless protests and arguments addressed to deaf ears. The story is dreary, but the book is not; a Frenchman can describe these things so brightly, he has such a light neat touch in pointing out the inconsistencies in his adversary's professions, that we almost forget the sadness of the tale in the cleverness with which it is told. One thing however comes out clear in this book; (M. Tavernier demonstrates it in the extracts he makes from his opponents' speeches;) what the dominant political party in France is bent on suppressing is not simply the religious orders; it is the Catholic Church, it is Christianity and religion itself; and those who hold religion dear do well to resist to the utmost.

**"Machiavelli's Florentine History."** Translated by Ninian Hill Thomson. 2 vols. London: Constable. 1906. 12s. 6d. net.

Mr. Thomson has evidently not embarked upon a new translation of this famous book with any new theories of the age during which Florence became famous, for he does not adorn his volumes with a single note. It is clearly a labour of love for he is well-known in the neighbourhood of Florence and is probably imbued with the fascination of the locality which absorbs most residents. We do not see that his translation has added much to those which already existed, but his style is on the whole simple and clear. It seems to us that Mr. Morley has said the final word on Machiavelli and we cannot see that anything is to be gained by descanting further on his merits or defects. But there is a singular passage at the end of his criticisms on the career of Lorenzo the Magnificent which seems to us deserving of attention as offering some explanation of the reputation for heartlessness from which he suffers. Speaking of Lorenzo he says in Mr. Thomson's translation "he took more pleasure in juvenile sports than seemed befitting in a person of his station, being often seen taking part with his boys and girls in their childish games. Wherefore noting in him so much strength of character and such levity of demeanour, it seemed as though two natures were united in him in an almost impossible combination". This passage has always seemed to us to throw much light if not upon the writer's temperament yet at all events on the views of an epoch. Lord Rosebery rightly indicates the capacity of William Pitt for throwing off the statesman and romping with children as one of his finest traits, relieving him from the reputation of a cold and unsympathetic character. This change of view measures perhaps the world's advance in humanity rather than convicts Machiavelli of peculiar callousness.



"The Story of Paris." By T. Okey. With Illustrations by Katherine Kimball. London: Dent. 1906. 4s. 6d. net.

We are glad to be able to commend highly this little book which fully maintains the high standard which the volumes in this series nearly always attain. The idea of an historical guide-book is an excellent one, and Mr. Okey follows it well throughout. The illustrations too are almost always up to the mark. There is a chapter on the Louvre which contains some good photogravures of the more important pictures with appropriate notes. It should serve the visitor well in a preliminary view. Mr. Okey must be left to fight out with Mr. Bodley the theory that Paris is still attached to the ideals of the Revolution, but he is certainly an idealist himself so far as his subject is concerned. That perhaps is on the whole no bad qualification for a writer of this class of book, where practical and useful information rather than profound and luminous theory are the more desirable equipments. After all any intelligent person, not necessarily well read in French history, would have a very fair general idea of the political forces which have gone to make up the story of Paris from reading through Mr. Okey's volume.

"The Thames." By Mortimer Menpes. Text by G. E. Mitton. London: Black. 1906. 20s. net.

Yet another picture-book in colours, and in such colours, by Mr. Menpes. Lovers of the Thames may, from time to time, recognise these presentments of some of their favourite places, and those who aspire to obtain a smattering of knowledge of certain localities and of their historical associations will, we trust, pick up some scraps of information from the 242 pages adown which Mr. Mitton babbles from Oxford to the Tower. The art of colour reproduction does not appear at its best in this last book of Mr. Menpes. Whether the fault lies in the originals or in the process employed, it is very certain that the results in many cases are disappointing. Take for example the sketch of "The Bridge, Sutton Courtney", where sky, distance, water, cattle and foreground contend for first place with bewildering results. Perhaps the least satisfactory of the colours sought to be reproduced is the yellow which is employed with absolute impartiality to represent the glories of the setting sun, the garish costume of the typical Henley girl, or the funnel of a steam-launch.

For this Week's Books see page 278.

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